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Published Weekly at
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BY JAMES G. HASSON.
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VOLUME XXIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1889. NUMBER 2.

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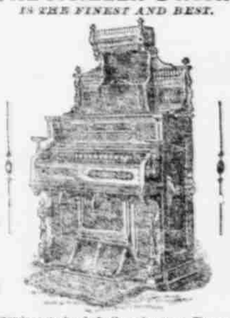
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SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents, five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
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Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials:—
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Wonderful Results.
Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Miss Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.
"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 140 Chambers st., New York City.
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

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WHERE IS HOME?

Where is home?
Is it where the stately mansions rise
With dazzling splendor toward the skies,
The poor man's dream—the rich man's prize?
Where is home?

Where is home?
Is it in the cabin rude and cold,
Where wind blows in through rafters old,
Where want hath trod with footsteps bold?
Where is home?

Where is home?
What matter where my lot may fall,
Since storms and sunshine come to all,
In lowly hut or lofty hall?
Where is home?

Where is home?
The humblest place beneath the skies,
Where oft we've met through love's devoted eyes,
Becomes a perfect paradise!
This is home!

Where is home?
'Tis where the heart's best treasure is,
For perfect love's perfect bliss,
Do by me wealth, but give me this;
Love is home!

Love is home!
And when our earthly loves are o'er,
And earthly mansions are no more,
Forever, on the other shore,
Heaven is home!
—*Rev. H. Lee, in Woman's Journal.*

IN TWO HALVES.

Solution of the Mystery of the Divided Bank-Note.

THE FIRST HALF.

Wet and dreary. It is midwinter; the scene is Kirklington, on the London & Northwestern; the time one-quarter to eleven: just after the night mail had flashed through without stopping—bound for Liverpool and the north. The railway officials are collecting preparatory to go off duty for the night.

"Where's Dan?" asked one of the crowd upon the platform.

"I saw him in the hut just after the one-quarter to eleven went through. Can't have come to any harm, surely?"

"No; he said he'd seen something drop from the train, and he went down the line to pick it up."

And Dan had picked up something. It was a basket, a common white wicker basket, with a lid fastened down by a string. What did it contain? Dirty clothes? What?

A baby—a child half a dozen weeks old, no more.

"Where did you come across it?" asked one.

"Lying on the line, just where it fell. Perhaps it didn't fall, perhaps it was chucked out. What matter? I've got it, and got to look after it, that's enough for me!"

The little mite's linen was white and of fine material, but he lay upon an old shawl and a few bits of dirty flannel. All they found was a dilapidated purse, a common snaplock bag-purse of faded brown leather. Inside was a brass thimble, a pawn-ticket and the half of a Bank of England note for £100.

* * * * * * *

A new parson—Harrold Treffry—had come lately to Kirklington.

He is now paying a round of parochial visits, accompanied by an old college chum, who is spending Christmas with him.

"Yonder," said Treffry, pointing to a thin thread of smoke which rose from some gaunt trees into the sullen wintry air, "yonder is the house—if, indeed, it deserves so grand a name—the hovel, rather, of one whose case is the hardest of all the hard ones in my parish. This man is a mere hedger and ditcher, one who works for any master, most often for the railway, but who is never certain of a job all the year around. He has a swarm of young children, and he has just lost his wife. He is absolutely prostrated; aghast probably at his utter incapacity to do his duty by his motherless little ones. I wonder whether you could rouse him? If you could only get him to make a sign, or cry, or laugh, or to take the smallest interest in common affairs. Jack, I believe you're the very man. You might get at him through the children—that marvelous hanky-panky of yours, those surprising tricks a child takes to you naturally at once. Try and make friends with those. Perhaps when the father sees them interested and amused he may warm a little, speak, perhaps approve, perhaps smile, and in the end give in. Jack, will you try?"

Jack Newbiggin was by profession a conveyancer, but nature had intended him for a new Houdin, or a wizard of the North. He was more than half a professional by the time he was full grown. In addition to the quick eye and the facile wrist he had the rarer gifts of the suave manner and the face of brass. He had even studied mesmerism and clairvoyance, and could upon occasion surprise his audience considerably by his power.

They entered the miserable dwelling together. The children—eight of them—were all skirmishing over the floor, except one, a child of six or seven, a bright-eyed, exceedingly beautiful boy, the least—were not nature's vagaries well known—likely to be born among and belong to such surroundings, who stood between the legs of the man himself, who had his back to the visitors and was crouching low over the scanty fire.

The man turned his head for a moment, gave a blank stare, then an imperceptible nod, and once more he glowered down upon the fire.

"Here, little ones; do you see this gentleman? He's a conjuror. Know what a conjuror is, Tommy?" catching up a mite of four or five from the floor. "No, not you; nor you, Sarah; nor you, Jakey"—and he ran through all their names.

They had now ceased their gambols and were staring hard at their visitors—the moment was propitious; Jack Newbiggin began. He had fortunately filled his pockets with nuts, oranges and cakes before leaving the parsonage, so he had half his apparatus ready in hand.

The pretty boy had very soon left the father at the fire and had come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to exhibit his share of the spoil and describe voluminously what had occurred. This and the repeated shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder and said, but without animation:

"It is very good of you, sir, surely; very good for you to take so kindly to the little chicks. It does them good to laugh a bit, but it ain't much as they've had to make 'em lately."

"It is good for all of us now and again, I take it," said Jack, desisting and going towards him, the children gradually collecting in a far off corner and comparing notes.

"You can't laugh, sir, if your heart's heavy; if you do it can be only a sham."

While he was speaking he had taken the Bible from the shelf, and resuming his seat began to turn the leaves over.

"I'm an untaught, rough countryman, sir, but I have heard tell that these strange things you do are only tricks; ain't it so?"

Here was indeed a hopeful symptom. He was roused then to take some interest in what had occurred.

"All tricks, of course; it all comes of practice," said Jack, as he proceeded to explain some of the simple processes, hoping to enchain the man's attention.

"That's what I thought, sir, or I'd have given you a job to do. I've been in want of a real conjuror many a long day, and nothing less'll do. See here, sir," he said, as he took a small, carefully-folded paper from between the leaves of the Bible, "do you see this?"

It was half a Bank of England note for £100.

"How, sir, could any conjuror help me to the other half?"

"How did you come by it?" asked Jack at once.

"I'll tell you, sir, short as I can make it. Conjuror or no conjuror, you've got a kindly heart, and I'm main sure that you'll help if you can."

Dan then described how he had picked up the basket from the 10:45 Liverpool express.

"There was the linen; I've kept it. See here; all marked quite pretty and proper, with lace round the edges, as though its mother loved to make the little one smart."

Jack examined the linen; it bore a monogram and crest. The first he made out to mean H. L. M., and the crest was plainly two hammers crossed, and the motto: "I strike"—not a common crest—and he never remembered to have seen it before.

And was that all?

"'Cept the bank note. That was in a poor old purse with a pawn-ticket and a thimble. I kept them all."

Like a true detective Jack examined every article minutely. The purse bore the name Hester Gorrigan, in rude letters inside, and the pawn-ticket was made out in the same name.

THE SECOND HALF.

When Jack Newbiggin got back to the parsonage he found that his host had accepted an invitation for them both to dine at the "Big House," as it was called, the country seat of the squire of the parish.

"I have been fighting your battles all day," began Mrs. Sitwell, the hostess, when seated at dinner next to Jack.

"Was it necessary? I should have thought myself too insignificant."

"They were talking at lunch of your wonderful tricks in conjuring, and some one said that the skill might prove inconvenient—when you played cards, for instance."

"A charitable imputation; with whom did it originate?"

"Sir Lewis Mallaby."

"Please point him out to me."

He was shown a grave, scowling face upon the right of the hostess—a face like a mask, the surfaces rough and wrinkled, through which the eyes shone with a baleful light, like corpse-candles in a sepulchre.

Jack let his companion chatter on. It was his habit to get all the information possible about any company in which he found himself, for his own purpose as a clairvoyant, and when Mrs. Sitwell flagged he piled her with artless questions, and led her on from one person to another, making mental notes to serve him hereafter. It is thus by careful and laborious preparations that many of the strange and seemingly mysterious feats of the clairvoyant conjuror are performed.

When the whole party were assembled in the drawing-room after dinner a chorus of voices, headed by that of the hostess, summoned Jack to his work. There appeared to be only one dissentient. Sir Lewis Mallaby, who not only did not trouble himself to back up the invitation, but when the performance was actually begun was at no pains to conceal his contempt and disgust.

The conjuror made the conventional plum pudding in a hat, fired wedding rings into quartern loaves, did all manner of card tricks, knife tricks, pistol tricks and juggled on conscientiously right through his repertory. There was never a smile on Sir Lewis' face; he sneered unmistakably. Finally, with an ostentation that savored of rudeness, he took out his watch, a great gold repeater, looked at it and unmistakably yawned.

Jack hungered for that watch directly he saw it. Perhaps through it he might make its owner uncomfortable, if only for a moment. But how to get it into his hands? He asked for a watch—a dozen were offered. No one of these would do. It must be a good watch—a repeater.

Sir Lewis Mallaby's was the only one in the room, and he at first distinctly refused to lend it. But so many earnest entreaties were addressed to him, the hostess leading the attack, that he could not in common courtesy continue to refuse.

With something like a growl he took his watch off the chain and handed it to Jack Newbiggin.

A curious, old-fashioned watch it was, which would have gladdened the heart of a watch collector—all jewelled and enamelled, adorned with crest and inscription—an heirloom, which had probably been in the Mallaby family for years. Jack looked it over curiously, meditatively; then, suddenly raising his eyes, he stared intently into Sir Lewis Mallaby's face and almost as quickly dropped them again.

"This is far too valuable," he said, courteously, "too much of a treasure, to be risked in any conjuring trick. An ordinary modern watch I might replace, but not a work of art like this."

And he handed it back to Sir Lewis, who received it with ill-concealed satisfaction. He was as much pleased, probably, at Jack's expression of possible failure in the proposed trick as at the recovery of his property.

Another watch, however, was pounded into a jelly and brought out whole from a cabinet in an adjoining room.

"Oh, but it is too preposterous," Sir Lewis Mallaby was heard to say, quite angrily. The continued applause profoundly disgusted him. "This is the merest charlatanism. It must be put an end to. It is the commonest imposture. These are things which he has coached up in advance. Let him be tried with something which upon the face of it he can not have learned beforehand by artificial means."

"Try him, Sir Lewis, try him yourself," cried several voices.

"I scarcely like to lend myself to such folly or encourage so pitiable an exhibition."

But he seemed to be conscious that further protest would be in Jack's favor; so he said: "Can you tell what I have in this pocket?" He touched the left breast of his coat.

"A pocket-book."

"Bah! Every one carries a pocket-book in his pocket."

"But do you?" asked several of the bystanders, all of whom were growing deeply interested in this strange duel.

Sir Lewis Mallaby confessed that he did, and produced it—an ordinary morocco leather purse and pocket-book, all in one.

"Are you prepared to go on?" said the Baronet, haughtily, to Jack.

"Certainly."

"What does this pocket-book contain?"

"Evidence."

"Evidence of what?"

"Of facts that must, sooner or later, come to light."

"What ridiculous nonsense! I give you my word this pocket-book contains nothing—absolutely nothing—but a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds."

"Stay!" said Jack Newbiggin, facing him abruptly and speaking in a voice of thunder. "It is not so—you know it—it is only the half!"

And as he spoke he took the pocket-book from the hands of the really stupefied Baronet and exhibited for inspection—the half of a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds.

There was much applause at this harmless and successful denouement of what threatened at one stage to lead to altercation, perhaps to a quarrel. But Jack Newbiggin was not satisfied.

"As you have dared me to do my worst," said he, "listen now to what I have to say. Not only did I know that was only the half of a note, but I know where the other half is to be found."

"So much the better for me," said the Baronet, with an effort to appear humorous.

"That other half was given to—shall I say, Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis nodded indifferently.

"It was given to one Hester Corrigan, an old nurse, six years ago."

"Silence! Say no more," cried Sir Lewis, in horror.

Sir Lewis had been a younger son; the eldest inherited the family title, but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in abeyance until time showed whether the infant was a boy or a girl. It proved to be a boy, whereupon Lewis Mallaby, who had the first information of the fact, put into execution a nefarious project which he had carefully concocted in advance. A girl was obtained in a foundling hospital and substituted by Lady Mallaby's nurse, who was in Lewis' pay, for the newly-born son and heir. This son and heir was handed over to another accomplice, Hester Corrigan, who was bribed with £100, half down, in the shape of a half-note, the other half to be paid when she announced her safe arrival in Texas with the stolen child. It occurred to Mrs. Corrigan in her transit between London and Liverpool that though £100 would be acceptable on her arrival the child would be only an incumbrance. She therefore threw the basket containing him out of the window, forgetting that in it she had for safety deposited her purse.

It was the watch borrowed from Sir Lewis Mallaby which first aroused Jack's suspicions. It bore the same crest—two hammers crossed, with the motto: "I strike"—which was marked upon the linen of the child that Dan Blockitt picked up at Kirklington station. The initial of the name Mallaby coincided with the monogram H. L. M. From these facts and what he had been told by Mrs. Sitwell, Jack rapidly drew his conclusions, and made a bold shot, which hit the mark, as we have seen.

Lewis Mallaby's confession, combined with that of Mrs. Corrigan, who was found by the police, soon reinstated the rightful heir, and Dan Blockitt, in after years, had no reason to regret the generosity which had promoted him to give the little foundling the shelter of his rude home.—*London Tid-Bits.*

—It is a singular fact that if there are five thousand gray hairs in a man's beard and only fifty black ones, he can't shut his eyes and pull out a hair at random without getting one of the black ones.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Pupils in the public schools at Waterbury, Conn., are furnished with text-books free.

PRUDENCE IN ITALY.

Humorous Picture of a Yankee Wife with an Italian Family.

It was just sixteen years ago since she had first entered the hill town of St. Francis. She had not entered it alone, but in the company of a handsome bridegroom, Antonio Gundagni by name, and so happy was she that every thing had seemed to her enchanting—these same steep streets with their ancient dwellings, the same dirt, the same yellowness, the same continuous leisure and causeless beatitude. And when her Tonio took her through the town and up this second ascent to the squalid little house, where, staring and laughing and crowding nearer to look at her, she found his family assembled, innumerable children (they seemed innumerable then), a bed-ridden grandam, a disreputable old uncle (who began to compliment her), even this did not appear a burden, though of course it was a surprise. For Tonio had told her, sadly, that he was "all alone in the world." It had been one of the reasons why she had wished to marry him—that she might make a home for so desolate a man.

The home was already made, and it was somewhat full. Desolate Tonio explained, with shouts of laughter, in which all the assemblage joined, that seven of the children were his, the eighth being an orphan nephew left to his care; his wife had died eight months before, and this was her grandmother—on the bed there; this her good old uncle, a very accomplished man who had written sonnets. Mrs. Guadagni number two had excellent powers of vision, but she was never able to discover the goodness of this accomplished uncle; it was a quality which, like the beneficence of angels, one is obliged to take on trust.

She was forty-five, a New England woman, with some small savings, who had come to Italy as companion and attendant to a distant cousin, an invalid with money. The cousin had died suddenly at Perugia, and Prudence had allowed the chance of returning to Ledham with her effects to pass by unnoticed—a remarkable lapse of the quality of which her first name was the exponent, regarding which her whole life hitherto had been one sharply outlined example. This lapse was due to her having already become the captive of this handsome, this irresistible, this wholly unexpected Tonio, who was serving as waiter in the Pentagon inn. Dividing her savings, and seeing with his own eyes her wonderful strength and energy, this good-natured reprobate had made love to her a little in the facile Italian way, and the poor, plain, simple-hearted spinster, to whom no one had ever spoken a word of gallantry in all her life before, had been completely swept off her balance by the novelty of it, and by the thronging new sensations which his few English words, his speaking dark eyes, and ardent entreaties roused in her maiden breast. It was her one moment of madness (who has not had one?). She married him, marveling a little inwardly when he required her to walk to Assisi, but content to walk to China if that should be his pleasure. When she reached the squalid house on the height and saw its crowds of occupants, when her own money was demanded to send down to Assisi to purchase the wedding dinner, then she understood—why they had walked.

But she never understood any thing else. She never permitted herself to understand. Tonio, plump and idle, enjoyed a year of paradisaical opulence under her ministrations (and in spite of some of them); he was eighteen years younger than she was; it was natural that he should wish to enjoy on a larger scale than hers—so he told her. At the end of twelve months a fever carried him off, and his widow, who mourned for him with all her heart, was left to face the world with the eight children, the grandmother, the good old uncle, and whatever courage she was able to muster after counting over and over the eighty-five dollars that alone remained to her of the six hundred she had brought him.

Of course she could have gone back to her own country, but that idea never once occurred to her; she had married Tonio for better or worse; she could not in honor desert the worst now that it had come. It had come in force; on the very day of the funeral she had been obliged to work eight hours; on every day that had followed through all these years the hours had been on an average fourteen; sometimes more.—*From Miss Woolson's story, "The Front Yard," in Harper's Magazine.*

Hints About Butchering.

If the hogs to be slaughtered are fed within twelve hours of their killing, the food is wasted, the meat will be more disposed to sour, and it will be more difficult to remove the distended intestines and take from them the lard. Nor is it well to allow the swine to drink on the morning of the day they are killed. Hogs can not be killed too quickly. The more rapidly the are killed and the blood got out of them, the better. A well-directed blow on the head, between and just in front of the ears, will make the animal unconscious; but the chances for a miss-stroke are so many, and the stroke makes unfit for use considerable meat, this method of killing can not be recommended. The use of the shot-gun is no better. The rifle is the weapon to use—a ball on a line from the base of the ear to the opposite eye produces instant death, and does not cause the waste of any meat.—*American Agriculturist.*

—"I tell you," said a traveling man to companion on the train, "you'll never catch me playing seven-up again with Bill Scribner." "Why not?" "Because I saw him turn up a jack off the bottom of the deck." "Well, I'd rather play with him than I would with Jerry Spader." "Why?" "Because when Jerry turns a jack off the bottom you don't see him do it."—*Omaha Bee.*

THE GIRL HERSELF.

'Twas not her bonnet, it is true,
'Twas not her bonnet, nice and new,
That flaked my idly roving eye
That summer day, as she passed by.
I can not tell you how 'twas made,
I can not tell the ribbon's shade,
Nor just the color of the wreath—
I only saw the face beneath.

I noticed not her dress the while,
If it were made in latest style,
With Grecian folds, and closest fit,
Or furbelows adorning it.
It may have been of flimsy wear;
I do not know, I do not care;
For all my thoughts that wandered wild,
Were centered on the girl inside.

O, she was sweet from head to feet!
The prettiest girl upon the street!
Depending not on outward dress
To emphasize her loveliness.
Though many another maiden owns
Her chief attraction to her clothes,
This one, though well supplied with pelf,
Would have no rival to herself.

If you should meet this maid by chance
You'd give her more than passing glance,
And note, perhaps, with some surprise,
Her perfect mouth, her lovely eyes;
But oh! I warn you not to let
Your heart escape its bounds as yet;
She's spoken for—the charming elf!
I'm going to marry her myself!
—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

A DAKOTA MIRAGE.

Terrible Experience on the Trackless Plains.

A Small Party of Hunters Lose Their Way and Almost Perish—Deceptive Visions of Cities and Lakes.

Has the reader ever been so fortunate or unfortunate as to witness a Dakota mirage—an eye-witness, in fact? No, and if you have been enticed far away towards its mystic shores by the alluring and apparently close proximity of cool, inviting waters, you will doubtless look back upon that day with a shudder of awful dread. It must be first understood that Dakota is not the only clime where this strange prairie phenomenon is seen. Its appearance is sometimes noted in the States and in Europe, but very rare, and a Dakota mirage is the grandest and most magnificent in the world. Eastern tourists, new settlers and the unsophisticated element of this Territory are the ones who as a rule fall victims to its baneful influence, and many tales of suffering and distress could be related. Of course the older residents are cognizant of this prairie freak of nature, but they too are oftentimes deluded into following it for many days with parched lips and lolling tongue. Ah, it is a grand but terrible sight!

The recollection of an autumn week last year will last till my dying hours, and even now as I write the cold shivers course up and down through my veins; the blood seems to entirely desert the body for a painful second and then rushes back into its countless intricate channels, mounting to the head and stopping there as if clamoring for egress into the outside world. It was one of those calm, sunshiny days, and I was numbered in company with a quartet of sport-loving young fellows eager to scour the grand, boundless prairies in search of the toothsome duck or hen, antelope, or perhaps a stray buffalo, which are now very scarce. The antelope, however, still plentifully abounds, and the local markets in winter are overstocked with its palatable carcass. We started out without taking the precaution of preparing for any emergencies whatever, as we placed explicit confidence in our ability as good sportsmen to supply the needs of the body. We sorely regretted not doing so the next day. That whole day we wandered aimlessly about over the endless prairies, and not so much as an insignificant gopher made its appearance to fall before our shot-guns. The cravings of hunger and thirst now began to assert themselves, and in our frenzied wanderings the truth dawned upon us that we were lost. Lost! Lost, indeed, upon a scorching prairie that seemed to have no outlet, no trees, no water, no green grass, and not a fowl or animal in sight. The situation was horrible to contemplate. Our faithful horses' tongues were lolling from their mouths, and we were so weak from hunger that it was with great difficulty we remained in the saddles. Two days without water is harder on a human being than going without food for a week, and we saw starvation and death gaunt y staring us in the face. How we managed to drag the night the hours of that awful night I can never relate, but we awoke next morning hoping to find the grass indewed with the welcome dew. It was. The blades were dry as ever, and a groan of abject distress issued from our parched throats. It was well onto noon before we considered our selves sufficiently rested to resume the hunt for a sign of civilization. The sun's burning rays seemed to be hotter and more relentless than ever. We soon stopped, as we were too fatigued to proceed any farther. Simultaneously it dawned upon us all that this was to be our last day upon earth, and, with a brotherly shake of the hand, we lay prone upon the ground awaiting the now welcome coming of death.

Henry Hale suddenly sprung upon his feet, grabbed his shot-gun, placed the muzzle to his brain, and would have pulled the trigger and ended his earthly troubles but for my timely interference. There was a wild, demoniacal glow in his eye, and I saw at once that his reason was quickly fleeing. My feeble strength was nothing compared with his almost superhuman power, and in a twinkle he wrested the gun from my hands. He then rushed to one of the horses and shot it dead. Hardly had the animal fallen before Hale, with childish glee, pounced upon the prostrate body, plunged its throat with his hunting-knife, and applied his mouth to the hot, gushing blood, drinking it down with a gluttonous appetite. Hale had accomplished a deed which we also contemplated doing, but it was left as a last resort, for we knew that if deprived of one of our horses we would be left in a more sorry plight than ever. The sight of flowing blood nerved us to almost desperation, and we crowded to the yet dying horse, roughly pushed Hale aside, and eagerly sucked the ebbing life's blood. I believe to this day that nothing has ever tasted better in my life. Our existence was prolonged now for at least a short period, and our lips moved in grateful prayer.

A wild, maniacal shout from Hale attracted my attention. Great heavens! The madman was mounted on one of the horses and tearing away. He was glancing back and pointing ahead and screaming at the top of his lungs: "Water! Water!" One of us must be left behind. One horse was dead and three persons could not ride upon the two animals, who were now very weak. I looked in the direction of Hale, and, sure enough, what appeared to be water was seen in the distance. I hastened to acquaint my companions of the joyful discovery. Hale kept galloping madly on, looking neither way, but furiously lashing his horse. A steep precipice loomed before the rider, but he heeded it not and spurred his exhausted animal to still greater speed. The poor horse attempted to swerve from its course and avoid the yawning chasm, but Hale noticed nothing but the fascinating dance of water on the horizon. They were now but a few rods from the precipice. Still the horse was spurred on. He neighed piteously, plunged forward, and just at its brink stopped stock-still and the rider flew over his head into the bottomless pit. To say that we were horrified would be putting it rather mild. We hastened to the scene of the catastrophe. The horse stood on the edge, trembling in terror from head to foot. I carefully approached the brink and peered into the black pit. Nothing could be discerned; all was pitchy darkness. I solzed a large rock and hurled it to the bottom. Presently I heard a faint sound—deep, deep, down into the very bowels of the earth. Poor Hale's death came very easy, though terribly unexpected, and no human being could make that descent without death ensuing half-way down.

With heavy hearts we once more saddled our tired horses and followed the alluring lake. An hour passed, but it seemed as if we were just as far away as on the start. Another hour, another and another, and still the waters kept dancing and glistening in the sunlight an apparently short distance ahead. We continued the tedious trip, and happening to look up we discovered to our dismay that the supposed lake had entirely vanished. But a more welcome sight greeted us. Not many miles to the east the city from which we started loomed up. Ah, something strange about this. We could see the streets, familiar buildings, and even recognize men walking up and down—literally photographed before our startled vision. We traveled and traveled, but it was impossible to approach the town. Then, as if by magic, the whole scene disappeared from view. We were mystified beyond comprehension and unable to solve the problem. The tired, faithful steeds refused to budge an inch and lay down, and we rolled off and sank by their sides exhausted.

The pangs of hunger know no bounds, so I resolved to slay another horse. I got up and to my horror the animals had strayed away, probably in search of fodder. My companions groaned feebly, but we were all too weak to follow them. Death's awful presence was now almost felt, and with a prayer upon our lips we reeled to the ground and hoped that the grim destroyer would soon come and relieve us. Well, he did not come, or I would never have written this sketch. While in a comatose condition I was shaken gently and friendly hands applied a cooling flask to my heated lips. The same office was also administered to my suffering companions. Our good samaritan, who proved to be a farmer, took us in his wagon and bundled us off to his house, where we were closely confined for two long weeks.

As I write I can not help thinking of poor Hale's mangled remains reposing in the depths of that awful abyss. I afterward learned that our course when lost on the prairie was one continued circle. I tremble for the luckless traveler who follows a prairie mirage.—*Joe F. Miller, in Chicago Times.*

Good Words from Good Books.

Poverty saves a thousand times more than it ruins.

Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence.

No woman without piety in her heart is fit to be the companion of any man.

A young man is not fit for life until he is clean—clean and healthy, body and soul.

There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age and unmarried, who can afford to be rich.

God makes men, and men make blacksmiths, tailors, farmers, horse jockeys, tradesmen of all sorts, governors, judges, etc.

A daily prayer from the heart of a pure and pious wife, for a husband engrossed in the pursuits of wealth or fame, is a chain of golden words that link his name every day with the name of God.—*J. G. Holland.*

Parchment Axle-Box Bearings.

It is said that experiments have recently been made on Prussian railways with axle-boxes fitted with bearings of vegetable parchment in place of brass. The parchment is strongly compressed before being used, and it is thoroughly dried to prevent subsequent shrinkage. An emulsion of water and oil, any of the mineral oils is used as lubricant. The parchment soon becomes impregnated with oil, and is able to go a long time without a renewal of lubrication. It is between the body of the journal and the thin edge of the parchment segments that friction takes place. The claim is made that the compressed paper bearings make a tough material that is superior to metal. *N. Y. Post.*

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - FEB. 8, 1889.

THE actual net increase of the surplus in the Treasury during January was $8,750,000.

POSTMASTER PATTON, of Altoona was again appointed postmaster of that city on Wednesday. He has already served two terms. He was nominated for his second term by President Arthur towards the close of his administration and was not disturbed in his office by President Cleveland.

IF W. W. Dudley would run the Cabinet possibilities into Indianapolis in mucks of five it would materially assist Mr. Harrison in the selection of his Cabinet timber. Let Dudley run them in and be personally responsible for the "floaters" until their claims and qualifications are disposed of.

HENRY GEORGE, of New York, and Thomas Shearman, of Brooklyn, will next week appear before the General Judiciary Committee at Harrisburg, to advocate the adoption of the Australian system of voting. The system is being favorably considered by the legislators and it will probably be adopted.

ACCORDING to the report of Adjutant-General Dunn the organized militia force of the United States consists of 105,596 men, of whom 8,397 are commissioned officers. But back of this force stand 8,104,625 available men, subject to organization in case of war. This showing ought to cause foreign Nations—even Germany—to think twice before knocking the chip off our broad shoulder.

HON. HENRY HALL of Mercer, introduced his bill at Harrisburg, on Monday amending the marriage law in three particulars: First, making it unnecessary for more than one of the parties to appear to make application; second, making a simple declaration on oath that the parties are of full legal age sufficient third, permitting the marriage to take place on side the county in which the license is procured.

It is pretty definitely known that Senator Allison of Iowa, has been tendered and declined the Secretaryship of the Treasury under Harrison. Blaine is still booked for Premier and Wanamaker for either Secretary of the Navy or Postmaster General, his position being contingent on the selection of the balance of the cabinet. The fact that Wanamaker may be the Postmaster General or the Secretary of the Navy shows that he has no special fitness for either but his selection is made in recognition of his distinguished services as a raiser of campaign boodle.

IT is the universal testimony says the Pittsburg *Times* of Senators and Representatives in Washington that the pressure by office-seekers was never so strong. Most of the men who went out during the Cleveland administration are applicants for reappointment to their old places or for something better, and the men who have been waiting for many years for a chance at the public crib consider this their turn. There is a decided feeling that new men should have the preference, unless it be in cases where a great wrong was done a man by his removal, and the service suffered in consequence.

QUICKLY following the statement that Insurance agent Moore, of Indianapolis, Indiana, was a defaulter for more than half a million dollars, came the announcement that County Clerk Sullivan, of the same city had suddenly left, leaving a deficit of something more than $150 000. Moore and Sullivan, are both supposed to be in Canada. The Indianapolitans are feeling proud over the great number of distinguished visitors daily visiting their city since the election of Harrison yet they must feel a pang of regret at the permanent removal of so many prominent citizens from their municipality.

THERE was a rattling time in the Senate Chamber, in Albany, New York, on Tuesday last, caused by the chaplain of the Senate, who opens the sessions of that body with prayer fulminating to the Almighty that the faults of politics are due to the Democrats and the blessings to the Republicans. The chaplain of a legislative body in these days is more ornamental than useful being appointed, more as a reward for political activity than for piety, and it has become a custom to work into their prayers a castigation for the minority party which is an insult to the throne they pretend to supplicate.

THE commercial agency reports show last year to have been not exceptionally prosperous in this country, but a marked improvement over 1887. The actual number of failures was larger by nearly nine hundred, and the gross amount of the assets smaller by two and a-half or three million dollars; but what is more to the point, the total liabilities were less by at least ten million, and the proportion of assets to liabilities greater by some three per cent. Indeed, remarks the Washington *Star*, measured by the losses suffered by investors in mercantile enterprises, 1888 may be said to show a better record than any year since 1885. The business of this country in general seems to be on the up grade again.

THE New York street car strike is at an end, and resulted, as in nine cases out of ten, in a victory for the companies. The strikers, at a meeting on Wednesday abandoned all hopes of bringing the companies to terms, announced that the strike was off, and that the men should return to work as best they may and on such terms as the companies may choose to give. One man was shot dead by a policeman on Wednesday, while pelting a car with stones which is believed to be the only death caused by the strike, but the number who have been beaten and hurt will run up into the hundreds.

THE Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution passed the Senate, at Harrisburg, on Wednesday. Thirty-two votes were cast for it and two against it. Those voting against it were Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Ulperman, of Allegheny, Republicans. Two Democratic Senators, Sloan, of Indiana and Betts, of Clearfield, voted for its passage. Two Republicans, Keefer, of Schuylkill, and Taylor, of Philadelphia, refrained from voting. Fourteen Democratic Senators refused to vote on the question and filed the following protest which was spread upon the journal of the Senate:

"WHEREAS The constitution provides in Article 18 that any amendment or amendments to the Constitution may be proposed in the Senate or House of Representatives, and as the amendment brought here for the mere empty formality of a roll-call was proposed in neither, but was twice proposed in a party caucus, and has come here completed thus far as the mandate of a political party, and

"WHEREAS The course pursued from the inception of this proposed amendment to this time is unprecedented, and in open violation of all the rules of orderly and properly conducted legislation, now, therefore,

"We, the Democratic Senators of Pennsylvania, recalling the protest pursued by the Democratic Senators when this resolution was on final passage on February 3, 1887, desire again to enter our emphatic protest upon the record against all caucus legislation, the result of political intrigue and party domination, which deprives individual members of the body of independence of thought and action, and compels them to vote for a measure framed and determined by an irresponsible body outside of the hall legislation.

"We therefore decline to participate in the passage of this resolution, which participation is useless, and leave the responsibility of its passage to the caucus that framed and ordered it."

After the passage of the resolution it was signed by the presiding officers of both branches of the General Assembly and sent to Gov. Beaver for his signature. After that is attached the Secretary of the Commonwealth will again publish the proposed Amendment as provided by law. It will then be submitted to the qualified electors at a special election to be held on June 18, and if is approved by a majority of those voting thereon, the Amendment will become a part of the Constitution, and no action to invalidate it can be taken under five years.

THERE is no good reason says the Philadelphia *Record* why those portions of the House and Senate bills which agree should not be enacted into law. Though the two bills have been framed upon widely diverse principles, the passage of such items as are in accord would make a reduction of about $20,000,000 in the revenues, and this would avert the immediate necessity of an extra session of Congress.

Senator Allison has expressed the opinion that the refusal of the two Houses to accept the provisions upon which they agree would be a surprisingly unjust flatfoot act. But the tariff organs are beginning to kick viciously at the prospect of such an agreement. This, however, should not be allowed to influence the action of the House. A bill embracing the items which both Houses have already passed should be reported without unnecessary delay. When passed by the House and sent to the Senate the majority of that body could not with decency repudiate their own action. Though the reductions on which the two Houses have agreed are not very important (independently of the internal revenue reductions), they would afford some relief to the taxpayers of the country and pave the way for still further reforms.

Senator Allison, at least, is committed in favor of such an agreement, which is in no respect in the nature of a "compromise," and there is little doubt that the other Republican Senators would agree with him. But if they should not, the country would be able to learn just how much and how little sincerity there was in the passage of the Senate Tariff bill.

THE impression of agriculture says the New York *World* as the chief source of our National wealth and prosperity is not to be calmsaid. It should receive to the uttermost all the governmental recognition that it needs. But it is not so dependent upon the attention of the executive branch of the Government as to require a special Cabinet department to attend exclusively to its interests, while no representation is given to industries which are not bucolic.

A more just and useful arrangement would be a Department of Industries or Economics, with bureaus for the different branches as they might be needed. It will scarcely be claimed that we should have a Secretary of Textile Fabrics and a Secretary of Mining, and a Secretary of Railroads and a Secretary of Shipping and a Secretary of Statistics. Many such interests are generally included in one department in the British Cabinet—that of the Board of Trade. And it has enough to do to justify its existence. This cannot be said to be the case with regard to a Secretary of Agriculture supply in our Cabinet.

In the form in which it has been agreed upon in the Conference Committee there is no pressing necessity for making the bill providing for a new department a law. Mature judgment, we think, would broaden it as above indicated. It would be well if the matter were deferred, and if Congress adopts it the President will with a view to a better rounded measure, would not do an unwise or unpopular thing to veto it. There is nothing in sight, agriculturally or otherwise, that would suffer there by.

A DISPATCH from Indianapolis on Wednesday says: Indianapolis, February 6.—So far as can be learned here Windom for the Treasury seems to be a fixture. That he has been, or will be, offered the place is accepted on all sides. There is a diversity of opinion as to the advisability of such an appointment, but on the whole the sentiment among Republicans here seems to favor it. Of the other Cabinet places nothing new developed, and while it can be traced to no certain source, all agree in the opinion that Beck will be the next Secretary of War. There was a rumor this evening that word had been received from Mr. Blaine that he would not accept the State Department, but it could not be verified. The General has had a busy day of it in receiving callers.

THE mercury Montreal, Canada on Monday last, marked 30 degrees below zero.

Ballot Reform.

A bill to regulate nominations and elections, prepared by the Civil Service Reform Association of Pennsylvania, has been introduced in both Houses of the Legislature. The bill is now under consideration in General Judiciary Committee, and a favorable report is anticipated this week. In its general features this measure follows as closely as may be the Massachusetts law on this subject, which is a rescript of the Australian ballot system. The bill proposes that all ballots shall be printed at public cost and delivered by the County Commissioners to the Judge of Elections at each polling place at least twenty four hours previous to the day of the election. Booths, to which the voter shall repair alone in order to make up his ballots, are to be provided at each polling place. These booths, or compartments, are to be of sufficient number to accomodate all the voters and to permit of the exercise of suffrage without inconvenience or delay.

For securing secrecy of the ballot and protecting the voter in its exercise there is nothing wanting to the completeness of this system. The bill is defective in not making clear provision for the case of qualified electors whose names may not have been registered on the check list of the election officers. The State Constitution provides that "no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being registered."

The provision for printed ballots containing the names of all nominated candidates does not limit the choice of the elector, as blank spaces are to be provided on the ballot whereon he may write what name he pleases.

One particular meritorious feature of the bill is the provision requiring that all election ballots shall be of uniform size, type and paper, "without any impression or mark to distinguish one from another." In order better to secure the secrecy of the ballot, and to protect the voter in "the free exercise of the right of suffrage," more than one effort has been made in the Pennsylvania Legislature to amend the Election laws in this respect; but this salutary reform has been defeated because petty partisans have an interest in maintaining an unworthy espionage upon the ballot. Not many years ago the Chairman of a State Committee in Pennsylvania had printed and distributed an electoral ticket bearing a peculiar device, so as to enable employers to "spot" workingmen in the attempt to independently exercise the right of suffrage. A provision to make tickets of uniform size, typography and appearance would put a check to this sort of knavish partisan adventure.

There does not appear to be any constitutional bar to the adoption of the Australian ballot system in Pennsylvania if there be virtue and courage enough in the Legislature to make the trial. Its satisfactory working where it has been tried, and the eminent need of reform, make the work of the Civil Service Reform Association entirely praiseworthy. Such objects ought to secure the good will of every honest citizen and such aid as he can give in bringing it about.—*Phila. Record.*

Our Coming Navy.

After a debate in which the Samoan and kindred questions were discussed, the House of Representatives on Saturday passed the naval appropriation bill. The various provisions of the bill, originating, of course, in the estimates and recommendations of the department, show that Secretary Whitney has exercised careful forethought for his successor, who will find plenty of means at his disposal for continuing without interruption the work so well carried on during the last four years.

The most notable provisions of the bill are those for increasing the navy. It is proposed to build by contract an armored steel monitor of not less than 3,000 displacement at a cost not exceeding $1,500,000, exclusive of armament, according to plans and specifications to be furnished by Congressman Thomas, of Illinois. She must show a maximum speed of 17 knots per hour, and in accord with Mr. Whitney's policy as to contracts, the extra sum of $50,000 is to be paid for each quarter knot in excess of the contract speed, and the same sum is to be deducted for each quarter knot of deficiency. This is the novel type of partly submerging monitor which has had the approval of the leading experts in the navy bureaus.

An additional gunboat of the Vesuvius type, to have a speed of not less than 21 knots and to be armed with two pneumatic guns, is also provided for. As to these pneumatic guns it is already known they are absolutely safe and can throw shells containing 500 pounds of dynamite to the distance of a mile; but it is not yet known exactly how much accuracy can be counted upon at that distance when the guns are afloat. The bill makes ample provision that the pneumatic device shall be thoroughly tested afloat before a second vessel of the Vesuvius type is contracted for. The Maximum price allowed for the new craft is $450,000 and this is only just, since if it is understood that money was lost on the construction of the first vessel at $350,000.

In addition the bill appropriates $3,500,000 for new vessels, begun or authorized, and $1,650,000 more for their armament and armor. All the navy yards receive liberal appropriations. Money judiciously laid out for the public defense to insure the protection of the lives and property of our citizens in other lands, and to sustain the honor of the flag, will not be grudged by the people.—*Pittsburg Post.*

The Dressed Beef Bill.

High tariff Pennsylvania desires a free export trade to the rest of the world in selling her products, but in producing them wants protection not only against foreign competitors but even against other States of the Union. A dispatch from Harrisburg gives a description of a bill introduced in the Pennsylvania legislature to exclude Western dressed beef from the market of that State. Since the real purpose and effect of the measure is to "debar Chicago (which means Western) beef from the market of Pennsylvania," the bill is plainly unconstitutional and would be set aside by the Federal courts as an unlawful attempt by a State to interfere with and destroy the freedom of inter-State commerce. Pennsylvania has bought little and sold much to the West, and waxed fat at the expense of this section, but she will hardly have the freedom of inter State commerce in any article wholly destroyed for her advantage.—Chicago *Tribune.*

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it you are one of its staunch friends because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never tried it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial Bottles Free at the drug store of E James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer Loretto.

AT the election last week to fill a vacancy in the State Senate of New York, in Democratic gained a Senator in the important Orange-Sullivan district. The district gave General Harrison 512 majorities on the Dudly block plan. The result prevents the carrying of any political measure through the New York legislature over Governor Hill's veto.

The Tin-Plate Iniquity.

The Baltimore *Sun* has published interviews with business men in the canning industry showing the injurious effect which the proposed increase of duty on tin-plate would have upon that trade. Not less than 60,000 workingmen in Maryland alone are estimated to be more or less dependent upon the canning of oysters, meats, fruit and vegetables. This leaves out of account the masses of farmers who can fruits and vegetables for their own use, the cost of whose tin-plate would be increased more than one hundred per cent. by the Senate tariff bill.

It is proposed by the bill that the increase of duty on tin-plate shall not go into effect until January, 1890. By that time, it is believed, the Pittsburg firm that has been engineering the job would be able to begin operations. Then the annual revenue from tin-plate would be transferred from the public treasury to the pockets of a few private individuals as a reward for their liberal campaign contributions. During the last fiscal year the revenue from this impost amounted to $6 349,446, and the addition of $7 300 000 by the Senate bill would make the total upward of $13,650 000 a year. This is what the consumers of the country would have to pay on this article, whether the revenue should continue to flow into the Treasury or whether the increased rate of duty should totally prohibit its importation.

Under the present duty, amounting to 33 per cent. ad valorem, not a pound of tin plate is produced in this country. Should this bill be passed it would still be necessary to import the tin for covering the plate, and, no doubt, the skilled labor to do the work. The duty is, then, to be raised upward of one hundred per cent. to enable a few individuals to perform an *experimentum in corpore vili* on the body of the American people. Millions are to be taxed and a few thousand workingmen diverted to a confessedly unprofitable pursuit in order that a half-dozen persons may become enriched at the public expense. Could the framers of the Constitution ever have imagined that the taxing power of Congress would be so shamefully abused for the promotion of an iniquitous scheme of spoliation and monopoly? In no legislative body, perhaps, except the Senate of the United States as at present constituted, could this proposition of a prohibitory duty upon a common article of use and necessary among the people be seriously entertained, much less receive the support of a majority.—*Phila. Record*

Balfour and O'Brien.

No Englishman since "bloody Castle-Roach" has so earned the hatred of Ireland as Mr. Arthur Balfour. His cruelty toward his Irish Parliamentary prisoners is at once tyrannical and brutal. His treatment of Mr. O'Brien is especially reprehensible. But it is thoroughly English. English statesmen have always believed they could rule or repress by rigor. It is a policy that has always failed them, but they have never learned to substitute milder measures for harsh and extreme ones. Conciliation is impossible to the average Briton. Had it been possible Great Britain would to day have an empire in America unequaled in extent, in wealth and in resources. The same spirit with which Balfour rules Ireland to-day drove the American colonies into rebellion, as for many centuries it has prevented the pacification of the Irish people.

As regards Mr. O'Brien, his treatment is utterly without excuse. He is a man of the highest character. No man ever imputed to him a wrong, except that of being a friend to his country. He is able, high-minded, honorable. Balfour's only reason for punishing him is to crush him as a political opponent. It has been charged that the Chief Secretary for Ireland avowed his intention to kill the Irish leaders by imprisonment. His acts confirm the accusation. Mandeville was murdered in prison by the rigor and severity of his jailers. Now O'Brien is reported naked and speechless. His death, too, is only a question of time—perhaps only a question of hours. And when he shall have been murdered what will have been gained? Only the shame of a shameful policy.

William O'Brien is composed of the stuff out of which martyrs are made. He is ready to face death rather than yield to what he considers dishonor. Having committed no crime he is unwilling to wear the garb of criminality. That is why he is naked. To punish him to death for his countrymen is not only to kill him but to pave the way for the death of many others. His countrymen naturally will seek to resent such outrages as those inflicted upon him. Balfour knows this—he deliberately prepares for it. O'Brien's recent conviction was only intended to give the Chief Secretary another opportunity to crucify him. Disgraceful as the Phœnix Park murders they were not so terribly disgraceful as this official crime.—*Phila. Times.*

Rule by Divine Right.

What a comment there is upon the monarchical principle in the character of royalty to-day on the European Continent! The doctrine of divine right no longer prevails in England and the throne there lingers but an empty form—albeit somewhat expensive—through sufferance and the lessening force of tradition. But across the German Ocean the title-deeds to rule are still held by their possessors as specifically coming from the Almighty.

The Austrian succession has just been diverted from a Crown Prince who, divested of his rank, would not be received in any respectable social circles in the United States, to a young man whose best quality is amiability but whose brains, if reports are true, would not be equal to the proper management of a truck patch. The Emperor of Germany has an unpleasing record as a son and husband and his course is a constant source of apprehension and uncertainty. The King of Holland is near the end of a discreditable life, prematurely senile, with a little girl, nine years of age, to succeed him. The King of Wirtemberg has forced his people to place a restraint upon him and to require him to send away companions who pandered to his weaknesses. The taint of insanity which sent King Louis of Bavaria but a short time ago to a watery grave is in the blood of all of these. The two year old King of Spain may be added to the list to be considered. Possibly he may turn out well, but heredity places the chances strongly against him.

Think of millions of people accredited civilized, ruled by human trash of this kind! How long can it last?—*N. Y. World.*

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge, Munday Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex. says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcorin, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like test mony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50c. and $1 at the drug store of E James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

THE salary of the Presidents private secretary has been raised to $6000 a year by the Senate.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—After an idleness of three months coal miners along the Monongahela and Youghogheny rivers resumed operations operations Monday, at the old rate of three cents per bushel for mining.

—L. S. Knight and David S. Rees, citizens of Congress, O., are in pursuit of their two sons, lads of sixteen years. The youths were great readers of dime novels and their literary culture led them to rob their parents, one securing $110, the other $50.

—Out of thirty thousand mine laborers in the Luzerne district of Pennsylvania, only nine thousand obtained steady work during January. The falling off in wages as compared with the same month last year is still $97 232. The outlook for February is still worse.

—Two thousand people crowded around the Thirty-fourth street ferry cars near Twenty eighth street, New York, on Monday afternoon, and overturned several cars and pelted the drivers and conductors with missiles of all kinds. The police finally dispersed the rioters and arrested the ring leaders.

—Robert Gibson, a miserly farmer living in Crawford county, a few days ago placed $2,000 in a coffe pot and buried the coffee pot in a barrel of onions in his cellar. Saturday night some one broke into the cellar and carried off the barrel of onions, money and all. Gibson is reported as having gone insane over his loss.

—It was authoritatively announced on Monday that President Cleveland will return to the State of New York to reside on the expiration of his term of office, and will on March 5th resume the practice of his profession in New York City, having associated himself as counsel with the law firm of Bangs, Stetson, Tracy and MacVeigh.

—James Mills, colored, who several months ago assaulted Bertie Howard, aged twelve, near Paoli, Pa., and on her threatening to inform on him, beat her until he thought she was dead, and then threw her into a pond, was on Tuesday last sentenced to 14 years imprisonment in the Eastern penitentiary and $500 fine. Mills confessed his guilt.

—The State Board of Mine Inspectors met in annual session at Williamsport on Tuesday, for the purpose of examining applicants for the position of mine boss. The board consists of Mine Inspectors Hugo McFarland, R. Hampson and J. Ditchburn. There are about 25 candidates reported for examination and the board will probably sit three or four days.

—The Wilkesbarre *Record* of Monday morning announces that a crisis in the anthracite coal trade is threatened. There are a million tons of coal at tidewater. The consumers refuse to make contracts, as they have entered into a compact to hold off until prices are demoralized. The large companies threaten to retaliate by ordering a general suspension among all collieries from Carbondale to Shamokin.

—Elizabeth Munday, aged 60 years, a single woman, living on a small piece of land near Friendsville, Susquehanna county, was found dead in her house on Tuesday with every evidence of a brutal murder. She was last seen alive Saturday night, and her hired man, who is missing, is believed to have committed the double crime, to which he added robbery, as it is certain he secured considerable money which the woman kept in the house.

—A dispatch from Conejoharie, N. Y., says: The following information has been received regarding an accident in Pine Lake: Twenty-four teams were engaged in drawing logs across the ice, regarding the safety of which no fears had been felt. It gave way, however, after several drivers and teams reached shore, and the remaining drivers and horses broke through the ice and sank out of sight. None of the bodies have yet been recovered.

—Buell Keeny, fifty-five years old, was arrested at East Longmeadow, near Springfield, Mass., Saturday night for pounding his father, Isaac Kenny, so that he died. The prisoner came home drunk a week ago, and began to smash things in the house where he lived with his aged parents. His father was awakened and expostulated with him. Finally Buell Keeny, who was a strong man, pounded his father as he lay in bed, breaking his nose, nearly gouging his eyes out, and tearing his face, inflicting injuries from which the old man died.

—While on his way home from a hotel on Saturday night of last week Adam L. Fevre, a wealthy farmer of West Lampeter township, Lancaster county, sat at the edge of a burning lime kiln to warm up. He was found dead in a sitting position by some boys on Sunday afternoon. The gas from the kiln had suffocated him. Mr. Lefevre was sixty-five years of age, and a prominent farmer. He owned five of the finest farms in this section, and was worth over $200,000. He was for three terms a member of the Board of Poor Directors of this county, and was a leading Republican.

—Deputy United States Marshal Swaine's posse, who left Purcell, Idaho, on Thursday of last week in pursuit of Charley Stein, the Kansas desperado who shot United States Marshall John McAlister a few days ago at Purcell overtook and surrounded the fugitive Saturday morning, 100 miles north of Purcell near the Kansas line. Stein refused to surrender and a general fusillade followed in which Stein fell dead, his body being pierced by several bullets from Winchesters. The dead body was brought back to Purcell by the possee, where it was buried.

—William H. Hill, a floor walker at R. H. Macy & Co.'s store, New York City, died on Tuesday morning at his home of a dose of strychnine. The strychnine was mistaken for quinine, which had been prescribed for a cold from which he was suffering. He bought the strychnine two years ago to poison rats with. The package had been lying about the house since, and was mistaken for quinine and taken for a cold. After Hill took the dose his wife tasted the stuff to be certain that it was quinine, and the doctors barely succeeded in saving her life, while the husband died in great agony.

—At 11 o'clock on Monday night a policeman in New York discovered a young man and woman sitting on the curbstone on West Seventy-fourth street. He approached and found the man unconscious and the girl also suffering from poison. Both were taken to the hospital, where it was learned that the girl was Carrie Nolan, seventeen years old, and the youth James Consadine, twenty years old. The girl said they had taken poison to commit suicide. She would tell no more. Consadine died soon after he reached the hospital. The police believe the couple were lovers, who decided to die because of family troubles.

—In Canyon City, near the Yellowstone Park, a Chinaman named Yet Sing had established a wash house in a tent directly over a boiling spring. He had hot water constantly and was doing a good business in the new mining town. He and three other Mongolians devoted Wednesday to the celebration of the Chinese New Year. They burned firecrackers and offerings to Joss and wound up by getting drunk. By some mischance Yet Sing's box of laundry soap got overturned into the boiling spring. About 9 o'clock at night there was a sudden spouting of boiling water, a tent flying through the air and some piercing yells. The miners rushed up and found the geyser pouring water to a height of over a hundred feet. The bodies of the four Chinamen, scalded to death, were found at some distance from the scene.

GO TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S,

No. 113 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.,

FOR BRUSSELS, VELVET, WOOL AND RAG CARPET, LINOLEUM, LACE CURTAINS, RUGS AND STAIR PADS. HEADQUARTERS FOR DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

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Watches, Clocks,

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Silverware, Musical Instruments

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Optical Goods.

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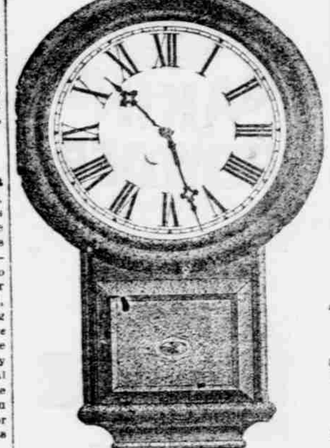
—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.



Columbia and Fredonia Watches.

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LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

THE OLDEST DRUG HOUSE IN PITTSBURGH.

JOS. FLEMING,

No. 84 MARKET ST'

Having had for a number of years a fair share of the patronage of the good people of Pittsburgh and vicinity, I take this opportunity to say, with increased facilities and stock, I am better prepared than ever to solicit their orders, either wholesale or retail, in any way relating to the drug trade, and by accuracy, neatness and promptness, and prices lower than ever, I hope to merit their continued favors. I have constantly in stock a full line of DRUGS, TRUSSES, SHOULDER BRACES for ladies and gents, BANDAGES, FAMILY SYRINGES, HAIR, NAIL and TOOTH BRUSHES. All the leading PROPRIETARY MEDICINES of the day. COD LIVER OIL PREPARATIONS, MALT EXTRACTS. For medical purposes there is no better, purer, older whiskey sold to-day anywhere than the pure eight-year old Guckenheimer Whiskey I am selling at $1 for full quart bottles, or six bottles for $5. The only wines that should be used for medical purposes are the pure California Port, Sherry Muscatel, Angelica, and Sweet and Dry Catawba that I am now selling.

Send for price list of Wines and Liquors, mailed free to any address. The money must accompany all orders for wines or liquors, as we do not send any goods C. O. D.

JOSEPH FLEMING & SON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS

PITTSBURG, PA.

412 MARKET ST. Cor. of the Diamond.

Jan. 25 1889.—1yr.

A BOON to Housewives.

The farmer and working man who have been out in the mud all day can wash their boots clean before entering the house. They will be Soft, Polished and Dry, if dressed with

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Makes housekeeping easier.

Saves Sweeping and Scrubbing.

The boots will wear a great deal longer, will not get stiff and hard in snow water or rain, and will be WATERPROOF. Ladies, try it, and insist that your husband and sons use it. Once a week for Gents' Shoes and once a month for Ladies'.

Unequaled as a Harness Dressing and Preserver

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

If You Have

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SCROFULA, COUGH or COLD, THROAT AFFECTION, WASTING of FLESH,

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE,

LORETTO, PA,

IN CHARGE OF

FRANCISCAN BROTHERS.

Board and Tuition

for the Scholastic Year, $200.

March 26th, 1886. tf.

ESSENTIAL OILS.

WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMINT, &c.

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of prime quality, bought in any quantity or sold on delivery, free of broke range, commission, storage, &c., by

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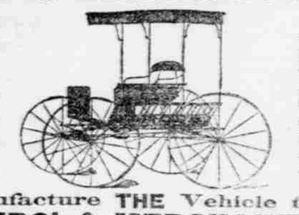

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The most Stylish, Best finished and Most durable medium priced VEHICLES ever offered in America.

Send for full Illustrated Catalogue,

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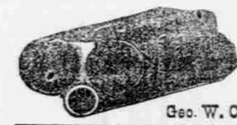

Our New Combination Shot Gun and Rifle.

We have the best three barrel combination gun made. 3 best Breech loader for $20.50. Warranted barrels. Rifle and $9.50 Rifle sights. Send 25 cts. for 100 page illustrated catalogue, containing Prices, Terms, Warranty, &c., of our different makes. Rifles, Shotguns, Revolvers, Sporting Goods and at less than wholesale prices. Mailed free

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - FEB. 8, 1889.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—For great bargains go down to Barkers' and you will get them.

—Mr. Thomas Peagh, Loretto's accommodating liverymen, was in town on Tuesday.

—About one hundred car loads of ice have been shipped from this place since the ice harvest began.

—At Barkers' you will find the largest and cheapest line of canned goods, currants, raisins, prunes, peas, etc.

—A sleighing party composed of ladies drove from Johnstown to this place yesterday and returned home in the evening.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones is still selling all kind of goods at greatly reduced prices in order to reduce her stock before moving on April 1st.

—Hon. James J. Thomas, of Carrolltownship, and Mr. T. S. Williams, of Carrolltown, were among the visitors to our town on Monday.

—The people of Ebensburg, and surroundings are about one thousand dollars better off, the result of the cutting and sale of the ice crop.

—Commissioner's Clerk D. A. McGough, accompanied by his wife, visited friends in Johnstown on Monday last, returning home on Tuesday evening.

—Frank Sayser, of Somerset, last week shot a large-sized wild cat, about three miles east of town—the second one for him during the month.

—Misses Jennette Kepner, of Port Royal, Pa., and Margaret Gibson, of Duncansville, Pa., are the guests of Miss Mary G. Roberts, of this place, the present week.

—The Commissioners at their meeting on Friday last, fixed the tax rates for the current year at 13 mills, the same as last year. The tax levy amounts to about $98 000.

—Editor Swank, of the Johnstown Tribune, and Mr. D. H. Kinkead, of Johnstown, took advantage of the sleighing and spent a few hours in town on Sunday last.

—Miss S Mame Attlesberger, Alice Roller, and Kate Bradley, three of Gallitzin's accomplished young ladies, were the guests of Miss Maud Bender, of this place, the present week.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 821 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Merchantile Appraiser, Charles N. Crouse, passed through this place on Monday, on his way north to perform the duties appertaining to his office in the northern portion of the county.

—If you want to buy a ladies short coat, you can buy one down at Barkers' for $2 50 that is less than half the cost of them, the cloth in them is worth more than that to make over for the children.

—The three weeks' instruction by Col. Parker, Dr. Brooks and Supt. Snyder, at the California Normal, next Spring, will be worth more to any earnest teacher than the whole term's tuition. Send for circulars.

—Mr. C. C. McCamble, who was operating his steam drier at Hastings, has removed all the machinery to Carrolltown, and is now sinking a well for Mr. Fred Baer. He has already reched the depth of forty feet.

—Mr. Wm. C. Sniffer, of Tyrone, and Miss Clementine Crouse, of Cloe Spring, were married at the latter place yesterday. The happy young bride is a daughter of Mr. John Crouse, who is well known to many of our readers.

—What's the use of putting up corn, tomatoes, etc., when you can buy 2 cans of corn for 25 cents or 3 cans of tomatoes for 25 cents, 2 cans of peas for 25 cents, that is the way Barkers' are selling them—all warranted good goods.

—Mr. Frank Geezer, the tailor, brother of Clark Geezer, will be at the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Monday afternoon and Tuesday, February 18 and 19, 1889 to take measures for spring suits. Come and look at samples and prices.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. want to give notice to the farmers and others that they have just received a car load of Conklin wagons, and if you want one now is your time to buy, and it will be ready when you want it for spring work.

—A little five-year-old son of William and Elizabeth Garret, of Altoona, choked to death at the supper table on Tuesday evening. The child was eating a piece of cold roast veil which lodged in its throat with the result above mentioned.

—The cases of Frank Iker, Henry Holtzel Charles Frapple, William Richardson and Harrison Fox, who are charged with the burning of two large mills at Latrobe and Greensburg, last summer, valued at $200 000, have been postponed till the May term of court.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Smith's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Inhaler free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—A party of ladies from Johnstown came here in a sleigh on Saturday and took dinner with Col. Miller. After taking in the sights they started for their homes the same day. Among the number we recognized the face of Mrs. John Brown, formerly of this place.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Poor Directors was held on Monday last. The total expenses for January were $1,123 42. Of this amount $514 was expended for out door relief in Johnstown and vicinity. There are now seventy-four inmates in the Almshouse.

—P. A. Leonard, of Tunnel Hill, accidentally shot his wife on last Wednesday morning while she was trying to prevent him from following two suspicious looking characters who were prowling about his premises. The wounds, though painful, are not of a serious character.

—The Democracy of Altoona held their convention on Monday last and nominated the following ticket: A. V. Dively presided. L. B. Reifsnyder and W. S. Douglass were nominated for School Directors and John B. Cox, City Controller, was renominated. J. T. Smith was elected City Chairman.

—Senator Williamson, of the Huntingdon district, has introduced a new scalp law which provides the following premiums: For every wolf, ten dollars; red or grey fox, one dollar; mink, weasel or polecat, each fifty cents. A penalty of $500 fine and imprisonment of one year is attached for fraudulent collection of premium.

—On Monday afternoon about 5 o'clock, a Belsano woman was struck by a train on the coal train at Jeannette, and instantly killed, being literally cut to pieces. She was with her husband and it is supposed did not see the train and stepped on the track in front of it and was smashed under the wheels and ground into an unrecognizable mass.

—Just as we go to press we learn that Dr. Rosanus Bashler, of Chemberburg, Pa., died at his home in that place on Wednesday. The deceased was born in Brecknick township and studied medicine in this place with the late Dr. Flick. He also practiced medicine for a number of years at Cherrytree. He was about 48 years of age.

—Mr. Lewis Lilly, son of Steward Lilly, of the Almshouse, who had been visiting friends and relatives in Somerset, Somerset county, the past week, returned home yesterday.

—A gang of Bohemiam oats swindlers were on Saturday, in the Venango Co. courts, found guilty of conspiracy with intent to defraud. The chief conspirator was sentenced to eighteen month's imprisonment and $100 fine, and the others were fined $50 and costs. Remarkable to state, the defendants are all well known farmers of that locality.

—Frank Kunkle, a farmer residing near Belmont, Westmoreland county, was instantly killed on last Friday morning at Aber's Hill. At the time of the accident he was driving along a steep embankment when the horses fell on the ice and the wagon upset over the embankment, falling on Kunkle and crushing the life out of him.

—A party of young folks from Loretto, composed of about twenty-five couples, visited our town on Tuesday evening, and took off their wraps at the Cambria House, where they enjoyed themselves by dancing, etc., for several hours. A midnight lunch was served, after which they all returned home well pleased with the treatment they received while here.

—Mr. R. M Hoston proprietor and publisher of the Hastings *Herald*, was in town on Friday last. He has his type, presses and outfit on the ground and expected to issue his first paper last week, but was disappointed in getting his paper, which is a patent outside, from the publishers. Unless some unforseen accident happens the *Herald* will fling its banner to the breeze this week.

—The Rhondda Welsh Glee Club will appear at the Opera House, on Wednesday evening of next week. The company comes direct from Wales and is one of the finest troupe of singers in the world. They will sing at the inauguration of General Harrison, at Washington on the 4th of March next by special request of Governor Foraker, of Ohio. Reserved seats for sale at James' drug store.

—Mr. Harry Thomas and Miss Kattie Behe, both of Carrolltown, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony in the Catholic church at that place on Tuesday. Rev. Edwin officiating. The attendants for the happy couple were Mr. Clark Thomas and Miss Kittie Blum, both of the above place. Our best wishes that they may live happy together through life's long journey are extended.

—William Kline, who claims Bellefonte, Pa., as his residence, while walking on the railroad track near East Conemaugh on Monday evening was struck by a "pusher" and knocked off the track. When picked up it was found that he had sustained a compound fracture of the right leg. His injuries were properly cared for and he will be removed to the Almshouse as soon as he is in a condition to be removed.

—On Wednesday last two large maple trees were hauled through town to the grounds of Mr. C. W. Philips, near Maple Park. The trees were about ten inches in diameter and were dug out without cutting off any of the top and with about six feet of the roots and frozen earth attached. They were mounted upright on a sled, one at a time, and four horses hauled them while men with ropes kept them in an upright position. The first one broke the Ebensburg and Carrolltown telephone wire at the corner of Julian and Simmon streets in passing under it and for a time communication between the two points was cut off.

—McDonald still holds the fort at Loretto, Pa., and is selling goods at rock bottom prices for spot cash or good marketable produce—as follows: Sugars, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents per pound; green and black teas, 35, 50 and 70 cents per pound; coffees, 15, 25 and 25 cents per pound; 5 boxes essence of coffee, 10 cents; 5 papers baking soda, 10 cents; 2 box e baking powder, 10 cents; 2 boxes of yeast, 10 cents; 3 boxes (1200) matches, 10 cents; 6 pieces star soap, 25 cents; 6 pounds hominy, 25 cents; 6 pounds of oatmeal, 25 cents; 5 pounds barley, 25 cents; 8 pounds best rice, 25 cents; 2 good brooms, 25 cents; 2 good wash boards, 30 cents; molasses, 30 cents per gallon; good syrup, 40 and 50 cents per gallon; lamp oil, 10 and 15 cents per gallon; best black oil, 40 cents per gallon; flour, $1 25 per sack; salt $1 25 per barrel; chop, $1 40 per hundred pounds. Dry goods, notions, boots, shoes, etc., etc., at equally low prices for spot cash or trade. We refuse no trustworthy neighbor a short accommodation 30 or 60 days at the above prices.

—This (Saturday) morning says the Greensburg *Record* about three o'clock, Annie Stark, of Latrobe, aged 17, a domestic, attempted to commit suicide by taking half a box of "Rough on Rats." She was found wandering about the streets of that place last night almost frozen, when policeman Cannon placed her in the lockup to shield her from the cold. She said she had no place to go. About the time above stated the night watchman heard her cry and say that she was dying, but he did not pay any attention to her and went and notified Cannon, who at once returned to the lockup and found the girl working in spasms. Dr. Hughes was summoned but he said that she could not recover. She has a married sister in Latrobe who, it is said, refuses to have her brought to her house. The cause of the rash act seems to have been, that she wanted Elmer Beaner to marry her. He had been in jail all winter on a serious charge preferred by her against him. He was released last week in $500 bail, with the promise that he would marry her, but after he got out he refused to do so. A telegram was sent to her parents at Johnstown, and she will be taken to the County Home this afternoon, if no word comes from her relatives. No hopes are entertained of her recovery.

The "Little Tycoon."

The Ebensburg Amateur Opera company were greeted on Monday and Tuesday evenings with crowded houses to witness their performances of the "Little Tycoon." Great expectations were had of the company's performance from those who witnessed their rendition of "The Mikado" last year, and, as the play progressed the high expectations of the audience soon more than found realized. The manager, H. H. Myers, Esq., deserves great praise for the manner in which he has brought out the talents of the company and the members who, one, and all, played their roles to perfection, are to be congratulated on their very successful production of the play. Miss Flo Delegg, who is an accomplished performer on the piano presided at that instrument during the play and fingered the keys with a master hand. The following is the cast of the characters in the piec:

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Gen K Jekerdyce.....Mr Phil. G Benlon.
Alvin Berry.....Mr H H Myers.
Rufus Ready.....Mr. E H Davis.
Lord Dolphin.....Mr P A Scarbaugh.
Tuddy.....Mr O E Wilkinson.

Lord Dolphin's valet.

Custom House Officer.....Mr E I Mower.
Montgomery.....Mr. Harry Lloyd.
Miss Hurricane.....Miss Jennie R. Blair
Dolly Dimple.....Miss Nan M James.
Lord Dolphin.....Miss Maggie Myers.
Violet.....Miss Mattie Howell.

Chorus of Tourist Maidens and Japanese.

Misses Maud Bender, Cordelia M Collins, Annie J. Blair, Dollie G. Fenton, Minnie Howell, May F. Henry, Etta Kinsley, Mary G. Roberts, Alice Snyder.

Tourists, Mikadoites, Brigands and Japanese.

Messrs. E. M. Bowser, John I. Blair, Morgan Connell, M. C. Zahm, Chas. W. Jones, J. P. Connell, Robert Scanlan, W. Frank Conner, Stoddard L. Driggs, John L. Sechler.

Items from Carrolltown.

CARROLLTOWN, PA., Jan. 30th, 1889

ED FREEMAN:—For the information of some newspaper editors and their reader I will state that the proposed Prohibition Amendment to our State Constitution *does not* prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. Liquors will be manufactured and sold, if the Amendment is chosen by the people, with a little variation in the restrictions. They are referred to the proposed Amendment as passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor. It is conceded in the event of the Amendment becoming a law, that a large number of drug stores will spring up in every town, and no law can be made that will prevent the indiscriminate sale of intoxicants and powerful drugs, such as opium, the latter being now used to an alarming extent by both males and females, even in our communities, and is said to be used more by women than men. Its effects to the habitual is extremely worse than all other intoxicants. Those who have made a close study of the question claim that Prohibition will not, when tried, meet with the approval of its most ardent supporters now.

A number of our people went to Ebensburg to witness the entertainment given by your Amateur Opera company on Monday and Tuesday evening, and were well pleased.

—The sale of the personal property at the Eagel Hotel, this place, by the sheriff, was made on Wednesday.

—Mr. John Strittmatter, of this place, has contracted to operate the Mona-tery farm.

On Monday while Mr. Ed. Sharbaugh was sleighing at Hastings his sleigh caught a root overturning it, throwing him out, "Little Dan," the racer, was hitched to the sleigh, and ran at a frightful speed. He was stopped by some parties who threw a club at him knocking one eye out.

Matilda J., daughter of Mr Valentine and Mrs. Margaret Buck of Clearfield township, died at 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning, aged about three years and six months.

Mr. Harry Thomas and Miss Kate Behe, both of this place, donned the matrimonial roses on Tuesday. Rev Father Edwin officiated. The groom is an industrious young man and the bride is a most estimable young lady. We wish them a prosperous and happy future.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kline, mother of Mr. Lawrence Wyland, of Susquehanna township, died at her home in Barr township on Tuesday morning, aged 64 years. Interment to-day in St. Benedict's cemetery, this place.

The thermometer at half past 2 o'clock this morning registered at zero.

Tuesday the public auction of personal property of Mr. Silas Weakland, of Clearfield township, took place. The farm was previously sold to Mr. John Manion of Susquehanna township, who, it is understood, will later on made that township his home. Mr. Wakland will likely make Altoona his future home. TOM.

Reade Township Items.

READE TOWNSHIP Feb 7. 1889

DEAR FREEMAN:—Dr. L. H. Worthley, the successful physician of Shirley, is a candidate for school director in this township.

Misses Nolle Garman, Maud Gwilt, and Messrs. Grant Kuhn and Jas. W. McCartney were immersed at the Mountain Dale Baptist church last Sabbath evening. Rev. M. G. Smith, the minister, administered the ordinance of baptism.

The many friends of Mrs. M. G. Smith, the estimable wife of the popular Baptist minister of Mountain Dale, was tendered a grand ovation on last Monday in honor of her thirty-third birth day. She is an accomplished lady who has many friends in this section. The presents donated were both numerous and valuable.

Revs. Bean, the Lutheran minister of Tyrone, Biddle, of the M. E denomination, Coalport, and J. M. Smith, of the U. B. church preached at their respective places of worship in this township on last Sabbath.

Mr. Samuel Troxell, of Glasgow, received a fine organ on last Monday by shipment from a Chicago firm.

D. E. Holten, of Mountain Dale, received a present recently of a handsome fountain pen from the Bible class, of which he was teacher in the Mountain Dale Baptist Sabbath school.

The lodge of the "three links" of Allegmansville, No. 900 was honored one evening last week by a visit of delegates from the Hollidaie and Coalport lodges. The "warm-hearted 900" extended a hearty welcome to their brother Odd Fellows. After lodge adjourned a grand banquet was held.

Mr. C. W. Leech, brother of County Superintendent Leech, is an engineer on the Bells Gap railroad.

The recent fall of snow is affording our lumbermen a chance for hauling their timber, and they are making good use of the opportunity.

Rev. M. G. Smith and lady, of Mountain Dale, will make a visit next week to White Deer Valley to attend a wedding of one of their friends of former days.

A revival meeting is in progress in the U. B. church near Glasgow. It is largely attended.

Misses Elith Bowman, Minnie Miller, Ella Bowman, and Director Wm Glasgow were visitors to the Roseland school last week.

The next session of the Reade township Local Institute will convene at Shirley on Saturday, February 23rd.

The U. B. quarterly conference will be held in the Pleasant Hill church on Saturday, February 16. Rev. J. F. Hummel, of New Florence, will be present and officiate in the presiding elders place.

The man who wants to air his petty spites or jealousies should seek some other avenue of redress than the columns of a newspaper. R. C.

Communicated.

JOHNSTOWN, Feb. 5, 1889.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—The individual from Indiana, who taught a summer normal school about six miles from Ebensburg last summer, has put it into the mouths of some who are speaking for him, that it would be better to go to his school the coming summer than to go to the Indiana Normal for just one term.

What does the gentleman think we are made of? His proposition is an insult to whomsoever it is made. Any such reflection upon our intelligence as that a term of a few weeks at any country normal would be better than one at the best normal school in the State, should be resented by our people. Aside from the actual work of the school room, incalculable benedit must result from three months' association with persons of profound learning and culture, such as are connected with the Indiana Normal. One man more than a whole faculty of ex-terienced instructors, and a free library of 5000 volumes! Marvelous!

It is certainly to be hoped that any such pretentious humbuggery will meet the reward it deserves. Respectfully,

THOMAS J. ITEL.

A Cold

Of unusual severity which I took last autumn developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, 155 Hudson St., Rochester N. Y.

Catarrh.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat. By a few applications of Ely's Cream Balm I received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle.—Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N. Y.

Hastings.

There has been much said about this place of late and of its coal seams, and yet not the half has been said that should be in commendation of the pluck and enterprise that has been shown here in having this country developed.

It requires to be seen to form an idea of the wonderful changes that have taken place here within the last eight or ten months. Prior to this there was nothing here in the shape of a house, where the now flourishing town of Hastings is located with about one thousand population, a couple of hotels, several stores, and prospects for an Opera House. All this has been done in the short space of eight or nine months, to bring forth a flourishing town, out of a forest, which was isolated from railroads from ten to fifteen miles. There are now four trains a day passing both ways through the town, and a passenger train once every day to and from the town.

There are four operations started up here on this coal field owned by the Brubaker Coal company, who have from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand acres of coal lands, which are nearly all underlaid with from three to four seems of coal, ranging from three and a half feet to five and a half feet in thickness, of a superior quality for cokemaking and for steam purposes. The pioneer operator in this field is J. L. Mitchel, of Tyrone, who started here about the latter part of February or the first part of March, and has now in full operation one hundred and fifty two coke ovens and shipping from fifteen to eighteen cars of coke per day; his mine has now a capacity of over six hundred tons of coal a day. This is a record that was never equaled, to bring a mine to this capacity in so short a time in a seam of coal of this thickness. J. L. is a hustler, and all his miners are a credit to himself and those who assist in these operations.

Mr. Edward McHugh, late General Superintendent of R. H. Powel & Sons' Coal & Iron company, is managing another operation at this place, having opened up on the C prime and D bed; the C prime is a very good steam coal; being termed locally the "cement seam," from which the Cambria Iron company mined their coal for twenty-five years for use in their mills; the D bed is locally termed the Moshannon seam at Houtzdale, Clearfield county, it being also an excellent steam coal, while at Hastings it is a superior coking coal.

Another opening here is in charge of James Campbell, Superintendent of the Sterling Colliery, Houtzdale.

The forth mining operation is managed by ex Mine-Inspector John M. Watt.

A very good recommendation for this coal field is to see such prominent mining men as those just mentioned taking leases on it. This branch will be extended up several miles as soon as the spring opens up, to strike the headquarters of the Susquehanna, where the largest and possibly the best part of their coal lands are located. This is destined to be, I believe, one of the leading bituminous coal fields in the State before a very great while.—*New York Trade Journal.*

Sheriff's Sales.

Sheriff J. C Stineman has advertised the following real estate for sale at the Court House in Ebensburg on Monday, March 4th, 1889:

The interest of Michael Bracken in a lot of ground in Gallitzin borough upon which is erected a double two story frame dwelling house.

The interest of Daniel McKenna and Cornelius McGlinn in a lot of ground in Gallitzin borough upon which is erected a double two story dwelling house.

The interest of Emanuel Wentz in the coal right of 81 acres and 106 perches in Barr township, conveyed by William Shank and wife.

The interest of Joseph A. Anderson in 109 acres in Cambria township upon which is erected a plank house and frame stable.

The interest of Joseph Lentz in a lot of ground in Gallitzin borough, upon which is erected a frame house and outbuildings.

The interest of John Brawley in a lot of ground in Summitville, upon which is erected a frame stable.

The interest of P. Flynn and James Flynn in the following lands situated partly in Reade township and partly in White township.

281 acres, having thereon a splash dam used for floating logs. To be sold subject to rights of purchasers who have written conveyances or agreements for lots in Flynn City.

Also 302 acres in White township, known as the Henry Philips survey excepting therefrom about 75 acres of the surface sold to W. B. C. Flemming.

Also 178 acres in White township, known as the Thomas Sanbourn survey.

Also 360 acres in White township, known as the Simon Walker survey. Excepting therefrom about 30 acres sold to——Sheidler and 50 acres sold to George Glass.

Also 300 acres in Reade township known as part of the Abram Willmer survey.

Also all the right of way, ties, stringers, iron rail, spikes, switches, etc., of the certain railway running from the Cresson & Clearfield railroad near Flynn City and ending at or near McGiffin's mills on lands of E. Deemer & Co.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Feb. 6th, 1889:

John C. Jacob and Mary Maley, Johnstown.

Curtes E. Horner and Annie L. Richardson, Johnstown.

Wm. H. Everhart and Mary J. Salkeld, South Fork.

Henry Engle, Richland and Philomena Heitig, Adams.

John J. Wood, Pittsburg and Mary E. Davis, Johnstown.

Andrew Blough and Kate Alwine, Stonycreek.

John Woodcak and Agnes Manthe, Cambria borough.

John Fuller, South Fork and Emma C. Hitman, Richland.

Wm. Snyder, Frugality and Mary Byrne, Utahville.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto

TRIAL LIST.

List of cases set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, on the second Monday of March next.

Christy.....vs. Milliken.
Same.....vs. Gallitzin Coal & Coke Co., et. al.
Filmore Adm'r.....vs. Kittanning Ins. Co.
Hopple.....vs. Boland.
1st National Bank Altoona.....vs. Duncan.
Use Marshall & Weakland.....vs. School Dist. East Conemaugh.
Sampp.....vs. Seyfert.
Dunlap.....vs. Ashcraft.
Johnston.....vs. Watt.
Weaver.....vs. Brenner.
McClosky.....vs. Gillespie.
Baker.....vs. Plummer Sides & Co.
March.....vs. Silles.
Pringle.....vs. Pringle, exrx.
Rose.....vs. Supes.
Sawyer.....vs. Thomas.
Gray, assignee.....vs. Sharbaugh.
Chaplin.....vs. Cambria Iron Co.
McGlade.....vs. Lytle.
Gallagher.....vs. Flynn et. al.
Trexler.....vs. Fisher.
Bailey.....vs. Shiffler.
Mather & Co.....vs. Jones.
Gallitzin Boro. School District.....vs. Myers et. al.
Same.....vs. Parrish et. al.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'ty.
Ebensburg, Feb. 8, 1889.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

—OF—

Poor and House of Employment

—OF—

CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.

From January 2nd, 1888, to January 7th, 1889.

THOMAS E. HOWE, ESQ.,

TREASURER.	DR.
To bal. due at last settlement	$ 11 107 17
To requisition for 1888	13 000 00
To cash from Geo. J. Myers	9 20
To " " W. Horace Rose	500 00
To " " Geo. W. Easly	9 50
To " " Jacob Shaffer	17 25
To " " I. Lilly	427 00
	$ 24 570 25

THOMAS E. HOWE, CR.
TREASURER.

By amt. paid—	
Attorneys' fees	$ 60 00
Blacksmithing	29 60
Boarding and nursing O. D. P	153 61
Clothing and dry goods	353 34
Coal, lime and cement	272 08
Coffins at house	74 75
Coffins and funeral expenses O. D. P	594 60
Constables and Justices' fees and costs	490 48
Convention of Poor Directors	15 00
Drugs and medicines	61 35
Expenses and allowance O. D. P	5 482 85
Farmer and pumpkin	402 00
Flour and feed	441 54
Freight and transportation	234 69
Furniture	29 21
Groceries and tobacco	1 002 65
Hardware	192 00
House servant	192 10
Insurance	72 85
Live stock	160 60
Livery hire O. D. P	16 50
Lumber	113 84
Meat	455 11
Old orders	25 14
Physician O. D. P	449 12
Physician at house	253 50
Phosphate and plants	118 15
Printing	7 00
Paint and Painting	287 65
Repairs	51 80
Salary Steward	800 00
Salary Matron	150 00
For shoes	119 65
Threshing	19 74
Warren and Dixmont Insane Asylum	2 734 44
Clearfield and other counties for boarding paupers	452 96
Bal. in hands of Treasurer	8 927 62
	$24 570 25

AMOUNTS DUE POOR AND HOUSE OF EMPLOYMENT.

From—	
Jacob Thomas and wife	$ 830 04
John Baker	1 11 749
Wm. D Pryce for coal	2 00
John J. Evans for hides	26 05
John Kirschner for hides	3 10
Henry Schrader on bond	3 30
Jacob Shaffer for groceries	8 10
I. Lilly for coal and oats (since paid)	17 25
	$1 011 24

Insurance on Property.

Fire Ass. Phila. on main building	$ 3 000
Orient of Hartford on main building	5 000
Ins. Co. of North America on main building	3 000
Cumbria Mutual on main building	2 500
Ins. Co. North America on household furniture	3 000
Ins. Co. of North America on pump house and machinery	500
Orient of Hartford on pump house and machinery	500
Ins. Co. of North America on barn	1 500
Ins. Co. of North America on wagon shed and carriage house	200
Orient of Hartford on contents of barn	500
Cambria Mutual on contents of barn	2 500
	$22 200

Given under our hands at the Commissioners' office at Ebensburg, Pa., the 23rd. day of January, A. D., 1889.

LOUIS ROLAND,
J. W. GRIFFIN,
GEO. A. KINKEAD, } Auditors.

REPORT OF I. LILLY, ESQ., STEWARD of Poor and House of Employment of Cambria County Penna:

Stock on Farm.

Three horses, twelve cows, one stock bull, one bull for beef, four shoats, 9 turkeys, sixty-nine chickens.

Farm Products.

Thirty-eight tons hay, eight hundred and seventeen bushels of oats, one hundred and nine bushels of buckwheat, six hundred and seventy-five bushels ears of corn, one hundred and ten bushels turnips, one thousand heads cabbage.

Farm Implements.

1 two horse wagon, 2 spring wagons, 1 buggy, 1 road cart, 1 dump cart, 1 hay rake, 1 grain drill, 1 corn planter, 1 cutting box, 2 sleighs, 1 bob sled, 1 log sled, 1 wheel barrow, 1 hand cart hay ladders, 1 cider press, 1 mowing machine, 1 chopping mill, 1-five horse power engine & boiler, 5 harrows 6 plows, 5 grain cradles &c.

Butchered 10 hogs, making 2,600 lbs. pork; 1 bull, and 2 heifers, making 1,196 pounds beef, 9 calves making 870 pounds veal.

Inmates.

In house January 1st, 1888	66
Admitted during the year	69
Born in the house during year	3—136
Died	11
Discharged	63
In house January 1st, 1889	62—136

No. of meals given to tramps during 1888 319.

Of the inmates remaining in the house January 1st, 1889, there are 35 adult males; 25 adult females; and 2 male children—one of which is idiotic.

Inmates Who Died During Year.

William Lloyd,	Clinton Goughnour,
Sol. Gindlesberger,	Hugh Mc Coy,
Scott Hutchinson,	Joseph Schwing,
Frank Harvey,	James Goff,
Alexander Mink,	Elizabeth Kelly,
	Noah Dishong.

Average number of inmates per month during the year 66 3-12

Ebensburg, Pa., Feb 1, 1889.—4t.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate.

BY virtue an alias order issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the store room of J. C. Noel at Portage, in said county of Cambria, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

A certain piece or parcel of land situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Behe, John Mashaney, Bernard Higlin, Isaac Wike, and Joseph Freidhoff, containing 100 acres, more or less. This land is heavily timbered, and is all underlaid with coal.

TERMS OF SALE:—$2

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, the balance of one third at confirmation of sale, one-third in six months, and one-third in twelve months after the confirmation of title sale. Deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH MILLER,
Assignee of John C. Noel, dec'd.

Wilmore, Pa., Feb. 8, 1889.—3t.

Orphans' Court Sale

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises on

SATURDAY, FEB. 9th, '89,

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

All that certain piece or lot of ground situate in Gallitzin borough, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz:

Beginning at a post on township road leading from Gallitzin to Mountain road and line of township road leading to Dawson's mill, thence south 85¼ degrees west 94 perches to a post on line of land of Kittanning Coal company, thence north 22 and ¼ degrees west 81 feet to a post along land of Kittanning Coal company, thence south 85¼ degrees east 79 feet to a post on township road the place of beginning, along township road on the south, containing 750 square feet, having thereon erected a two-storied plank house.

TERMS OF SALE:—$2

Ten per cent. when the property is sold, balance of one-third at confirmation of sale, one-third in six months, and the remainder in one year after confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

DANIEL HENRY,
Adm'r of Ellen Harvey, dec'd.

Summit, Jan. 28, 1889.—3t.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and will be confirmed by said court on the first Monday of March next unless cause be shown to the contrary.

First and final account of F. P. George, assignee of Prudence M and Rachel C. George.

Account of John A. Blair, assignee of Joseph Gutwald and wife.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'ty.

Ebensburg, Feb. 8, 1889.

FARM FOR SALE.—The will be disposed of at private sale, a farm situate in Allegheny township, one-fourth mile from Loretto, on the road leading from said place to Ebensburg. This farm contains about 80 acres, about 60 acres of which are cleared having there on a new two-story frame house and barn, fine orchard, etc., and is in a good state of cultivation and well watered. For further particulars address

FRANCIS GERRO,
Loretto, Pa.

Loretto, Feb. 1, 1889

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

—OF—

CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.

—FROM—

January 2nd, 1888, to January 7th, 1889.

THOMAS E. HOWE, ESQ.

TREASURER.	DR.
To am't received from duplicate for 1888	$ 48 408 90
To am't received from redemption of lands	903 81
To am't received from seated and unseated lands	26 028 86
To am't received from Constables for 1887 and previous	920 38
To am't borrowed money	20 000 00
To am't Jos. A. Gray Jury fees and costs	141 80
To am't poor fund various sources	763 09
To am't W. A. H. Little for maintenance of Henrietta Topper at Dixmont	155 46
To am't H. A. Shoemaker Jury and Pro. Rep. fees	95 80
To am't M. D. Kittell judgments and other claims	2 345 45
To am't taxes exonerated	7 27
To am't tavern license (County's portion)	8 441 25
	$149 226 05

CR.

By amount paid—	
Assessors	$ 4 692 74
Auditors County	825 20
Auditors State	4 00
Agricultural Asso. Carrolltown	100 00
Boarding Jurors	24 30
Boarding Prisoners	2 294 25
Building Bridges	10 920 08
Bridge and Road Views	635 60
Borrowed Money	20 000 00
Bonds Redeemed	10 600 00
Commissioners	1 200 00
Commissioners' Clerk	600 00
Commissioners' Counsel	400 00
Court Crier and Tipstaves	517 50
Constables	1 916 25
Criminal Prosecutions	5 848 50
Court House	1 904 81
Deeds to County	225 22
Delegates to Commissioners' Convention	55 23
District Attorney	582 00
Elections	3 020 07
Expressage and Postage	62 96
Fox and Other Scalps	20 15
Inquisitions	359 75
Interest and Discount	683 23
Interest on Court House Bonds	400 00
Janitor	600 00
Jail and Jailor	4 010 85
Jury Commissioners and Clerk	172 58
Jurors Grand	956 10
Jurors Traverse	5 251 07
Jurors Talisman	48 00
Miscellaneous	23 05
Prosutes	80 22
Per Diemotary	805 50
Printing	1 194 89
Poor Directors	300 00
Poor and House of Employment	13 049 03
Old orders	1 628 36
Registry	948 11
Records	561 90
Refunding	627 52
Road damages	858 00
Road fund	2 826 27
Reform school	225 54
Redemption of lands	432 56
School Fund	2 228 12
Sheriff	1 072 21
State tax	3 841 37
Soldiers burial	951 67
Telegraphing	275 72
Stationery	36 45
Surveying	15 00
Teachers Institute	240 00
Western Penitentiary	2 039 20
Western Penns. Hospital	2 081 85
State Treasury	695 28
Remaining in Constables hands	2 488 54
Exonerations to Constables	4 056 90
Abatement to taxpayers	8 661 83
Commission on $5442. 25, (license money for use of Co. 5 per cent. on $1,080.—1 per cent on $1,000, ½ per cent on balance $3 441.25	77 23
Treas. Com. 5 per cent. on $110,085 95	5 504 29
Treas. Com. 5 ½ per cent on $23,502 17	587 55
Balance in hand of Treas	17 819 79
	$149 226 05

AMOUNT DUE COUNTY FROM JUDGMENTS.

Thos. McGovern	$ 50 34
Barbara Habb	80 05
A. Farrell	280 08
A. B and J. E. Litzinger	22 82
Silas Baldwin and Aaron Layton	404 64
Daniel Reffo et. al	50 00
Michael Donahue	207 58
Lucinda Bingell	31 19
Frank McDermott et. al	26 14
Patrick Flemming	370 50
Patrick "	109 24
Michael Mc

The Curse of the Poppy.

The sallow, unhealthy color of the people of China, their emaciated forms and languid movements attract one's attention everywhere along the river. I do not see a beautiful face or figure, nor a rosy cheek; a dead leaden color is on all faces, old and young, male and female. I look at the broad, swift river, I feel the cool, clear breeze, I gaze at the high green hills, the flowing rivulets and the wide spreading trees overhanging the homes. Upon the mountains are houses and hundreds of workmen; approach these busy laborers and you will see this death-like pallor on all faces.

The climate seems the acme of perfection—a long, pleasant summer, with a cool, agreeable autumn and spring winter, yet there is a want of energy and life among the people. There is plenty of food, and of excellent quality for China—rice, wheat, millet, peas, beans, corn, oils and fruits of many varities—all within the means of the humblest laborer.

I enter a large field near a hamlet, by the side of a luxuriant growth of ripening wheat. The field is clean, not a weed visible; but close together and four feet high stand stalks with large dry heads, brown and decaying now, for their bright flowers faded a month ago. These decaying stalks speak; they tell me why the death pallor is upon all faces, from the shriveled form of age to the bowlegged child shrimp in the cottage door. O seductive viper, curse of millions! Who shall dare to stand up in the presence of this fast fading, degenerating people and say the evil is not wid-spread and fatal.

Traverse the fairest portions of all the provinces; not the cities alone, in the quiet, out of the way places are all saturated and besmeared with the black paste, even to the gods.

Served Under the Great Nepoleon.

Philip Mangold, a French who served under the great Napoleon from Moscow to Waterloo, is living in Locust Gap, Pennsylvania. His hair is as white as snow, and for a man of ninety-five his intellect is surprising. He reads the papers without spectacles, and fond of talking about the days when he fought under Marshal Ney.

It was no child's play in those campaigns. Mangold had a finger shot off at Smolenski, and a thrust from a Cossack's spear laid him low at Corodino, the effect of which was visible a monstrous scar extending from his left eye to the back of his ear. At Waterloo he received a bullet wound in his thigh, and lay on the battle field for twenty four hours before he was discovered.

He came to America with his wife and four children in 1885, not caring to live in France under Louis Philippe. He was in Philadelphia for ten years and then he went to Locust Gap, where he has lived ever since.

The Crimean War tempted him to fight under another Napoleon, but the thought that he would be firing his musket on the same side as the British, who humbled to dust the great Napoleon, deterred him from again enlisting under the French banner.

The Man Who Laughs.

There is one man whose presence in a theatre during a comedy is worth money to the management. He is the greatest laugher I ever saw. Like all good laughers he is fat, and it fills a man with merry moments to be around when he is laughing. He has a hearty rolling laugh that catches an audience quickly and soon the audience and he are engaged in a laughing match. When the laughing has been going on for four or five minutes, and everybody's sides are sore and all hands take a rest, there is a lull through the house which is immediately broken by a low passionate sob and a gentle modulated "Oh!" from the laugher who is putting the finishing touches on his calumatory effort. Immediately the audience forget the soreness of their sides and burst into a roar. Friends of his bring the laughter to the theatre just to have fun with him. He comes with a different crown every time, and his friends get their enjoyment out of him and not out of the performance. He is the jolliest laughter I ever heard.

A Fortunate Song Writer.

Probably the most fortunate of all popular song writers from a financial point of view is Frank H. Howard, whose income from his first song hit, "Only a Pansy Blossom," is said to have been more than $3000 in a single year. It must be borne in mind that he is a well known negro minstrel manager, and therefore, has unusual opportunities for introducing his songs to the public and making them popular. This fact is thoroughly understood and appreciated by his publishers, who on that account pay him royalties much larger than they otherwise would, and probably much larger than ever given to any other composer of popular ballads. Howard is the son of an Iowa clergyman and in a wayward mood left home at an early age. He was lounging in the streets to draw a crowd around the wagon of a liver pad peddler in a Western city, when Milt Barlow, the well-known minstrel manager "discovered" him and put him on the minstrel stage.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signs perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Schlich's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Side or Chest, use Schlich's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davis.

It does not take long to patch up and save a tree that has been completely girdled by mice. Take several slips of last year's growth of the required length, shave each of the ends to a flat point, and insert one above and the other below in the living bark. A union will be formed and the seared place will, after a few years, be grown over.

KASKINE

THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE, STRENGTH, QUIETNERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,

that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine.

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army, and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was literally run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years."

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

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The History of Handwriting.

The earliest writing of the Western world, that of the so-called Uncial manuscripts, was copied more or less directly from the inscriptions cut on brass or stone. The type of letters was practically the same. But with the change of the materials used there came almost necessarily in time a change in the mode of forming the letters. Cursive manuscripts—that is, manuscripts written in a running hand, with flowing and connected letters, took almost universally the tenth century the place of the earlier Uncial manuscripts, with stiff upright, isolated letters, and handwriting, as we now understand it, emerged. But during the Middle Ages writing was the art of a comparatively few highly trained scribes, carried by some of them to a wonderful height of perfection. After the introduction of printing the very finest writing disappeared, for the profession of the scribe was superseded, but the number of those who could write passably increased as the habit of correspondence grew, and writing was no longer for the ordinary man the difficult, laborious process that it used to be. With increased practice handriting became somewhat easier and more free. The progress in this direction went on with little interruption from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century; each generation shows somewhat of an advance on that which had preceded it. The writing became continuously less awkward and less stiff. But it is our fathers' time and in our own, that the great change has taken place. The increased number of letter which are now written has led to increased speed in the writing of them. With increased practice the hand comes to move more speedily and easily; there is no longer the same care in the formation of the individual letters which there was while people had more time for writing. Words are, so to speak, dashed off; and we are content if we can make the whole word intelligible without considering too minutely the letters of which it is formed. I think, too, that the improvements which have been introduced in the mechanical appliance for writing in pens, ink and paper have not been without their influence, and this influence has tended in the direction of giving greater freedom and facility to the writing. The great superiority which in these mechanical appliances we in England enjoy over most of the nations of the Continent, will also explain why it is that the handwriting of Englishmen has a bolder character than that of most foreigners.

A Massive Dam for a Reservoir.

A large dam has just been completed by the Quincy Water Company in the town of Braintree, Mass. It is thrown across the valley of a small brook, and forms a reservoir covering sixty acres of land, and it is supplied by a watershed having an estimated annual capacity of 800 000 000 gallons of water. The dam is 600 feet long, 35 feet high for a distance of 250 feet across the deepest portion of the valley, 160 feet thick at the bottom and 20 feet thick at the top. From end to end of the dam, in the centre, is a core wall. The wall is seven feet thick at the bottom and tapers to two feet at the top, and rests on a massive concrete foundation, built between two lines of sheet piling. The water slope of the dam is paved with stone to an average depth of eighteen inches. The gate-house is a massive granite structure, forty nine feet high from the top of the foundation to the top of the coping stone, and is twenty feet square at the top. There is now twenty-nine feet depth of water at the gate-house.

A House Built of Paper.

There is a paper house in Atlanta. No wood, brick, iron or other material is used about the building. At 108 Decatur street a neat little store, painted sky blue, has attracted considerable attention recently. The garden color is not the cause of the little building being the object of so much attention, but the material of which it is constructed makes it a novelty. It is made entirely of paper. The store was built by a Frenchman named Smith (spelled, of course, in a French way), who is agent for the paper of which constructed. The rafters, the weather boarding, the roof and the flooring are all made of thick, compressed paper boards, impervious to water and as durable as wood. The house cannot catch on fire as easily as a wood building, because the surface of the paper is smooth and hard. The building is used as a store by Neal Colly, who says he finds it warm in cool weather and comfortable when the weather is warm.

A Fortune From a Song.

The most noted song-writer in Philadelphia is Stephen Winner, who still owns a music store in this city. It was he who wrote the immensely popular ballad, "Listen to the Mocking Bird." The song was first published in 1855. Mr Winner using the nom-de-plume of Alice Hawthorne, which was his mother's maiden name. The song was published in ballad form and at once became very popular, and such is its hold upon public fancy, that, although it has been sung and whistled and played the country over for an average lifetime, it still retains its place as a song of national reputation. The profits from its sale have exceeded $100,000, perhaps the largest amount ever realized from any musical composition of its class.

A Toad in a Horse's Throat.

A Berkshire farmer has just lost a valuable cart colt from a most extraordinary cause. The colt had for a very long time suffered very much from difficulty of breathing. An operation having been performed on its throat to no purpose, it was finally decided to have it shot. On the carcass being cut up and the neck severed at the shoulders, to the great astonishment of those present, a fair-sized toad crawled out of the opening in the windpipe, and the extraordinary cause of the poor animal's sufferings became at once apparent. The toad was almost red when extricated, but gradually assumed its natural color.

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These twin diseases cause untold suffering. Doctors admit that they are difficult to cure—so do their patients. Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia—so say those who have used it.

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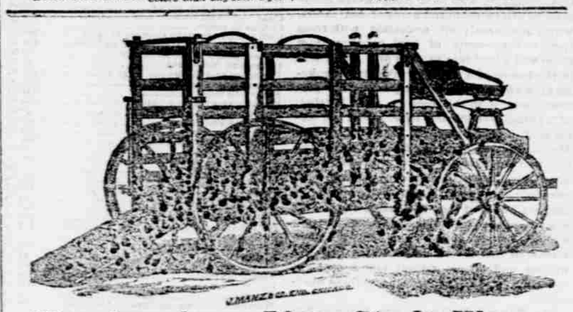

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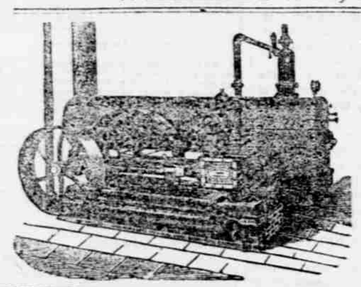

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No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

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DON'T BUY YOUR ARCTICS UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE COLCHESTER ARCTIC with "Outside Counter." Ahead of ALL others in style & durability. If you want the worth of your money try the Colchester with "OUTSIDE COUNTER."

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Correspondence solicited.

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WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Wade St., N. Y.

Writing Famous Poems.

Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting spot for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride," when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so common to him.

General Lyle wrote his beautiful composition, "Anthony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying,", on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. He wrote it under pressure in response to a call for "more copy."

"After the Ball," the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to achieve in the pages of a noted magazine.

Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished Oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot instead of in a retired dwelling in Devonshire.

Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter's night. He rang the bell of a lawyers house—a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was first first suggested to the author Samuel Woodworth, in a barroom. A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.

"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823 was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and, enjoying its humor, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

A Little Girl's Farming.

The Albany Ga. News and Advertiser illustrates the value and fertility of Georgia farming lands by relating the experience of a little girl, the daughter of E. L. Girdner, manager of the Kaufman Lumber company at Poulan. Mr. Girdner came to Georgia 18 months ago and is now willing to indorse everything that can be said in favor of Georgia, so far as its agricultural possibilities are concerned. Last spring he planted a pack of the large western peanuts for his little girl, from which she has gathered 10 bushels of very fine peas. The little girl, however, not content with her ground pea crop, planted 100 stalks of sugarcane. The result was a magnificent crop of sugarcane, which, after reserving enough for home consumption, was sold for $15. With this sum, together with the profits of her peanut crop, the little girl has bought five and a half acres of as good land as that on which the crops were grown, and she has enough money left to fence the most of her land. The fertilizers used in making the little girl's crops cost no more than 50 cents, and very little work was necessary.

Dog in War.

Dogs in some instances carry the concise dispatch in a small metal case fastened to the collar, and this certainly seems to have the advantage of security, as attracting the least possible amount of attention; whereas the leather letter case hanging from the collar, or the leather pockets attached to a strap passing under the body and kept in position by a second strap across the chest, though, of course, available for bulkier documents, is undoubtedly more conspicious, and more liable to render the dog an object of suspicion and a mark for a bullet. By a similar arrangement of straps the war dog is enabled to carry a small case of ammunition, and is thus made useful on the outward march, ere he is dispatched on his solitary journey as military potsman. Some sanguine trainers even hope that dogs may be trained to return to the ammunition wagons during the heat of battle to bring fresh supplies to the fighters, regardless of all danger from shells and bullets. It would seem more natural to enlist their services as water carries to drink to the wounded and dying.

Nativity of Fruits and Vegetables.

The early writers on agricultural and horticultural topics made many mistakes in regard to native countries from which we derive our cultivated varities of fruits and vegetables. But as the facilities for travel increased, early errors were in many cases corrected. We do not know to what country or countries such grains as wheat, rye and oats are indigenous. It is supposed that Indian corn is a native of America, because it was first found here, where it had long been cultivated by the Indian races; still it has never been found growing wild in this or any other country. It no doubt existed in prehistoric times as a giant grass, producing much smaller grain and ears are now seen among cultivated varities.

Speed of Telegrapy.

When the first electric telegraph was established the speed of transmission was from four to five words a minute with the five needle instruments; in 1849 the average rate for newspaper messages was seventeen words a minute; the present pace of the electric telegraph between London and Dublin, where the Wheatstone instrument is employed, is 463 words; and thus what was regarded as miraculous sixty years ago has multiplied a hundred fold in half a century.

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THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD.

It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

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IT contains nothing that can injure the finest fabric. It brightens colors and bleaches white goods.

IT washes flannels and blankets as no other soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving them soft and white and like new.

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INSIST upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't take Magnetic, Electro-Magic, Philadelphia Electric, or any other fraud, simply because it is cheap. They will ruin clothes, and are dear at any price. Ask for

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READ carefully the little wrapper around each bar, and be careful to follow directions on each outside wrapper. You cannot afford to wait longer before trying for yourself this old, reliable, and truly wonderful

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6-in. FARM WRENCHES.

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This set consists of a Rosewood Handle and four interchangeable blades (2 screw-drivers and 2 chisels fitting same), packed in a neat wood box. This tool is constantly useful everywhere, around the house, at the office, in the shop, on the farm. Sent free on receipt of $1.60.

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Humorous.

A cultivated ear—An ear of corn.

Goes round on tick—The clock.

A delicated subject—The invalid.

The cobbler's motto—"Never too late to mend."

It takes a strong man to hold his own on a sea voyage.

Never travels with more than one trunk—The elephant.

Everybody sticks out his tongue at it—The postage stamp.

A candidate may be scratched without being cured from itch for office.

"What do you do in school now, Willie?" "Wish I was out of it, most of the time."

The Washington market poultry raisers contemplate the formation of a Cochin club.

When corn pops, it gets ghastly white. It is much the same way with bashful young men.

The inauguration of the pancake season brings stirring times to many a battered household.

An old salt who saw an incubator at work for the first time, said it was the most wonderful hatchway that he ever saw.

There is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young woman, but sometimes it is a very small one.

Davis—That young Archibald is an awfully hot-blooded fellow. Dr. Smith—Yes; I notice he has a boil on his nose about all the time.

Almost any girl likes to feel able to twist a young man around her finger, but she generally prefers to have the young man circle it himself.

A young lady in Michigan does all her courting by telephone. It saves gas and affords innocent amusement to the subscribers of the exchange.

Twiffkins—What's the reason they always have rocky passes and all the kind of thing in Irish plays? Biffkins—Because nothing could be more appropriate for Ireland than shan rocks.

Ransom—I thought you said you were going to move your house, Smith? Smith—Well, I did think of it, but came to the conclusion it couldn't be done. Ransom—Why not? Smith—The mortgage would break the jacks.

Miss Shadwell—"How bored that poor Mr. Jonesy looks with that frivolous young thing he is with. I can always tell when a gentleman is bored." Mr. Tirdtodeath (with a guilty start)—"Bless my soul, you don't say so!"

"George, dear, what a beautiful diamond butterfly! It looks ready to fly." "I don't see why it wants to fly," growled George. "Heaven knows it's high enough now. The roll plate counter is at the other end of the store. Come on."

Barnum retires from the circus; but the red lemonade and peanuts remain together with the grand concert immediately after the close of the performance, tickets to which may be obtained of the young gentlemen who will pass around the tent.

Wise Words.

Women teach us repose.

Silence is the rest of the mind.

The world itself is too small for the covetous.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Business travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Some people only understand enough of truth to reject it.

What we ought not to do we should never think of doing.

Science is the wit of fools and conceit the virtues of the wise.

The saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness.

Few persons live to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.

In youth, one has tears without grief; in old age, grief without tears.

The barren fig tree was not cursed because it bore bitter fruit, but because it bore no fruit.

A man who is always forgetting his best intentions, may be said to be the thoroughfare of good resolutions.

A cynical Frenchman once said there are two parties to love affairs—the lady who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.

Others proclaim the infirmities of a great man with satisfaction and complacence, if they discover none of them like in themselves.

Steaming Good for Complexion.

I want to tell you something that I have learned about the skin. It is steaming is good. Let the hot water run from your faucet till the steam gushes up. Hold your face over it for ten minutes till the moisture trickles and pours off with all the effects of perspiration in a much more cleanly manner. The skin becomes softened and freshened and the [illegible] red spots on the cheeks are not [illegible]ary. By rubbing the moisture in with the hands the pores are closed and the skin whitened the same as Russian bath. Once a day or three times a week is sufficient. Wash your bangs if they come out by dampness. No, it does not dry out the skin. I notice that the girls who wait upon me at the baths have without exception good fresh complexions. I asked them about it and they said it was the steam had done it. Some of them have been in it eight and ten years.

SOME years ago a Contemporary found that the grain grown after a patch of turnips was poorer than that following potatoes or in the corn field. It is known that the turnip is a great feeder of phosphate, and also of nitrogen. Some growers of turnips have found advantage from ploughing under in autumn the turnip tops and small turnips left on the ground after a mulch during winter.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Dr. Miles' Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davis.